JOHN BULL, JANUARY 27, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1754.

PENSION, BIG CHEQUE and BONUSES

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

The Best Answer to the Food Question

Now, more than ever, you need the Supreme Quality of

Ovaltine

FOOD rationing need not prevent your family enjoying a completely nourishing diet. Make 'Ovaltine' the regular mealtime beverage in your home. This delicious food beverage is, in itself, a balanced and complete food, supplying all the nutritive elements necessary to make the daily diet complete in every essential.

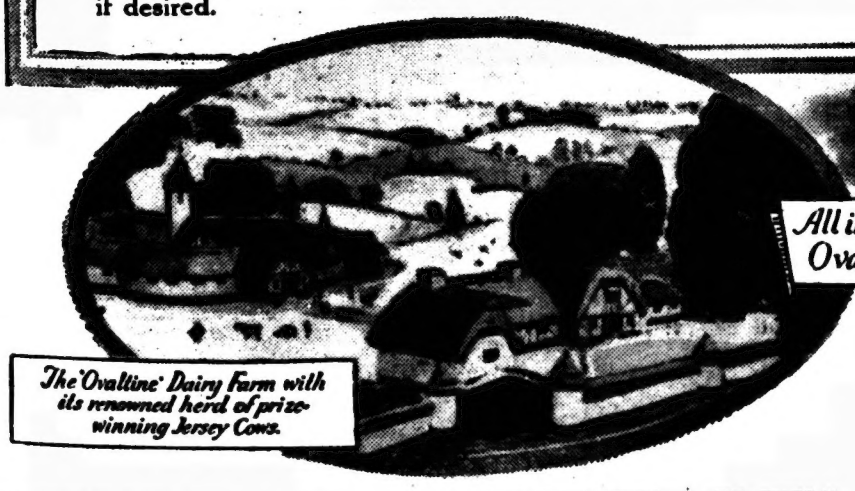
Scientifically prepared from malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' supplies the vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and mineral salts required to create energy and maintain body, brain and nerves at the highest efficiency.

It is important to note that the proprietors of 'Ovaltine' go to unusual lengths to ensure and control the excellence of its ingredients. The world-famous 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms were specially established in the interests of 'Ovaltine' quality.

Remember there are very important differences between 'Ovaltine' and imitations made to ***look*** the same. It would be a simple matter to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by altering the proportions of its health-giving ingredients and adding large quantities of other substances. But the result would not be 'Ovaltine,' the special benefits of which have been demonstrated by independent scientific tests, and proved by practical experience throughout the world.

Remember, too, that 'Ovaltine' possesses definite nerve-restoring properties which are so necessary in these nerve-wearing days. These properties are largely derived from the new-laid eggs liberally used in its manufacture. ***No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.***

For all these reasons, always insist on 'Ovaltine.' Owing to its concentrated nature, it is most economical in use. It can be eaten dry if desired.



The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm with its renowned herd of prize-winning Jersey Cows.

All in the Interests of Ovaltine Quality

The Ovaltine Egg Farm extending over 400 acres & with accommodation for 100,000 birds

P518A

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5 BLANKETS FOR 20/-

10% BONUS FREE

AMAZING OFFER Heavy Woolly Blankets, White, Pink or Air Force Blue. Full size. Every purchaser will receive 10/- worth of goods entirely free, which they may select from our Catalogue of bedding, clothing, fancy goods, watches, clocks, etc. 5 Blankets and 10/- bonus for 20/-, or 2 Blankets and 5/- bonus for 10/-. C.O.D. 9d. extra.

A.R.P. Black-Out BLINDS (Navy Blue)

Sizes 72 x 36 to 72 x 48. Hemmed for rod. 3 for 5/-, with 5/- bonus; 7 for 10/-, with 10/- bonus. Larger sizes up to 72in. by 72in., 6d. per blind extra. No C.O.D. over 72 x 36.

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FLAMELESS LIGHTER 4/9 POST 2½

NO FLAME FLINT or WHEELS

Further consignment from World's Fair Samples. Order makes such amazing offer possible. Place lighter to cigarette and draw—that's all! No sparks, flame, smoke or smell, yet gives quick, positive light EVEN IN GALE OR DOWNPOUR. Works every time. The ideal "Black-out" Lighter. Smaller than lipstick. Usually 6/6. Our price only 4/9, post 2d., complete and ready for use. Send P.O. 5/- NOW or call.

Trade inquiries invited. DAVIES & DYWIEN LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 22, NEWMAN STREET, LONDON, W.

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No. 8 GENUINE 2 Cell, full size, long life Batteries. The real thing. 5 for 1/9 post 2d. U.2 Genuine 'AMERICAN' high capacity cells of reputable U.S.A. manufacture. 5 for 2/6, post 4d.

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8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

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BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

Stenelli, Soldani Vivaldo, Frascotti, Hohner, Crociarelli, Paolo Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. £4 4s. VALUE for 42/-, Piano Finished Cabinet "Steldent," Metal-bound Bellows, Triple Chord Action; 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses; Complete with Shoulder Strap. Send only 8/- Deposit for 7 Days' Trial. If satisfactory you pay Balance by Monthly Payments of 4/- until 46/- is paid. Full Cash after Approval, 42/- only. Elaborate Tutor. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 82/6, same terms, other models 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, all on Easy Terms. Write for fully illustrated List of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments post free.

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J. A. DAVIS & CO.
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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

'Vulcan' 4-Valve Battery 3-Waveband Superhet gives full range of reception from Short, Medium, & Long-wave stations. Powerful, high-quality tone. Full size Walnut cabinet with all accessories. Batteries, Valves, & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Price £7.10.0 or 10/- monthly. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Many other excellent models at keen prices for cash or easy terms. Catalogue A.C. Mains and Battery Models. 3-5, GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 6/3

Post 6d.

An exceptional offer of genuine London Busmen's Navy Blue serge trousers, very slightly worn. In first-class condition. Thoroughly cleaned and pressed. Seams strongly sewn and reinforced. New waist linings. Men requiring trousers for exceptional hard wear and service will find these garments unbeatable. All sizes 32 ins. to 46 ins. waist and usual leg lengths. MADE UNDER CONTRACT, these garments, because of their first-class condition, can only be obtained on very rare occasions. D.B. jacket to match 6/6. Complete suit 12/6d. Post 9d. Order with confidence. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

WILLSON BROS. (Dept. A)
Upper High St., Epsom, Surrey.
Government Contractors.

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Get the H. Samuel FREE Bargain Book NOW! Amazing values! Everything at direct-from-factory prices which save you up to 50%. Rock-bottom bargains on every page. And the H. Samuel month's trial offer is your guarantee of satisfaction! Don't miss the biggest money-saving opportunity.

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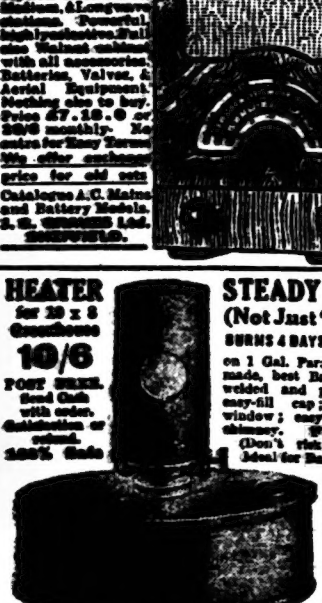
Headquarters: Market St., Manchester, 1.

HEATER for 20 x 8 Greenhouse 10/6

POST FREE. Send Cash with order. Satisfaction or refund. 100% Safe.



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BURNS 4 DAYS at FULL HEAT on 1 Gal. Paraffin. Strongly made, best British Steel, all welded and painted, raised easy-fill cap; clear mica window; easy control, firm chimney. FUMELESS! (Don't risk old Heater.) Ideal for Bathroom, Cellar, Aviary, Outside Lav., etc. LIST FREE! 12 x 6 Greenhouse 14/6 14 x 8 21/-. 5,000 sold this season. Meets A.R.P. regulations.

SEND NOW! *Buy before prices rise.*
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A.R.P. FOR THE RUPTURED

NO UNDERSTRAPS, BUCKLES, OR HIP PRESSURE

Adjusted in a few seconds.

The most objectionable part of a Rupture Support is the undershrug and the tightness of the belt. The Pullast De Luxe Ball and Socket Appliance has NO UNDERSTRAP OR BUCKLES, and can be put on and taken off in a few seconds. This is a great convenience in emergencies and air raid warnings. Absolute security without undershrugs or pressure on the hips. It will control your rupture no matter how severe. Being waterproof it can be worn when having a bath. You can test this wonderful, fully efficient appliance free for seven days, and pay only if fully satisfied. You send no money and run no risk. Erection usually allows the whole cost. Write or call.

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TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

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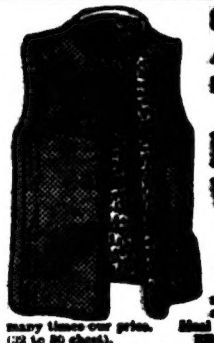
This All-British "BUTTER-MERCER" speedily makes about 1 lb. DELICIOUS BLENDED BUTTER FROM HALF lb. BUTTER & HALF PINT MILK, enabling you to DOUBLE YOUR BUTTER RATION at about half the cost. Great economy and big money-saver. Simply turn handle and all trace of Milk is entirely absorbed WITHIN 2 MINUTES. Send NOW P.O. 5/9 to:—

Wm. PENN LTD. (Dept. B.J.S.), 632, Holloway Road, London, N.19.



SURPLUS AIRMEN'S FLEECE-LINED LEATHER-FINISHED FLYING WAISTCOATS

3/11 Post 6d.

These marvellous waistcoats are fleece-lined throughout. The outer material absolutely water-proof and wind-proof. Actually cost Air Ministry many times our price. Ideal for garden, motoring, farm, etc. (32 to 50 chest). BRAND NEW. UNUSED.

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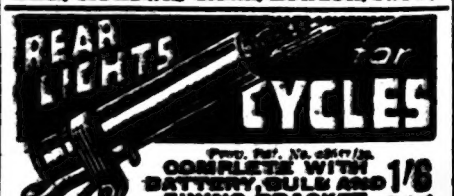
WISE MEN ARE WEARING THE NEW 'VERGAS' BELT 6/6 POST FREE

—because it gives support and safety with comfort hitherto unobtainable. Supports the abdominal muscles, making you look slimmer and feel years younger—better to tackle work without fatigue or strain. Braces sagging stomach muscles. Prevents liver and kidney disorders. Ensures natural functioning. NOTE: We service the belt FREE of CHARGE after six months' wear. Scientifically constructed of superfine elastic web. Washable and hygienic 6/6 post free. Send NOW, stating waist measurement, to

VERGAS (Dept. J.B.), 128, Baker St., London, W.1.

ESSENTIAL TO ARMY, NAVY & AIRFORCE MEN, WARDENS, POLICE LORRY-DRIVERS, MOTORISTS, etc.

REAR LIGHTS for CYCLES



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COMPLETE WITH BATTERY, BULB AND FIXING BRACKET 1/6 Post 3d.

Refill batteries 3d. each or 2/6 doz.

Ride in Safety.

Battery Illuminated Beacon Button

Fits to the lapel and shows where you are. Can be fitted to dog's collar. Complete with battery and bulb. Price 3d., post 2d. Refill battery 2d. each. Can be converted into a torch by fitting extra bulb, price 6d.

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I WAY BEDCHAIR

FULL SIZE

Easy Chair Lounge Chair Full-length Bed Fireside Seat

21/-

69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home. 2/-, Eng., Scot. and Wales.

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BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

NOW AN A.R.P. TORCH but a BRITISH MADE heavily NICKEL PLATED torch having the CORRECT VOLTAGE AND BRILLIANCY with a well made patent switch. Screw cap each end. LARGE 2 cell FULL capacity 3 VOLT battery, 4½ ins. long, weighing over 3 ozs.

PRICE 2/9

Complete with specially made LARGE 3 VOLT 2 CELL BATTERY and 2.5 v. bulb. FREE PACKING! FREE POSTAGE! 2 cell refill batteries 9d. each, post free or 9/- per doz., post and packing free. Weight of torch complete 3½ ozs. Length 6 ins. Obtainable from all dealers or direct from the actual manufacturers.

Chiswick Engineering Ltd., 7, High Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4 (Dept. J.B.T.3). *Trade Enquiries Invited.*

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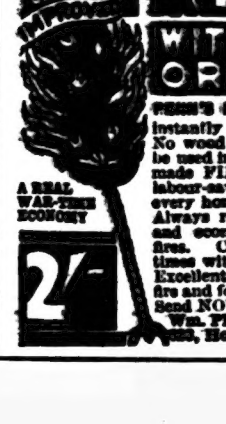
If you are a music lover why have you not acquired this enjoyable accomplishment and great social asset? Doubtless because the prospect of practice! practice! practice! has dismayed and discouraged you. I HAVE ENROLLED MORE THAN 100 ADULT PUPILS DURING THE WAR. HAVE TAUGHT OVER 51,000 DURING 35 YEARS by post in a third the time, with a quarter the work, at the tenth of the expense of the ordinary methods of dull, mechanical wearisome practice, and I CAN TEACH YOU! Ordinary musical notation only used, no freakish methods, enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. Send for FREE book and advice. Say Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER,
(British by Birth and Descent)
(Dept. 68),
69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

FIRELIGHTER WITHOUT WOOD OR PAPER



A REAL WAR-TIME ECONOMY

2/-

PENN'S INSTANT FIRELIGHTER instantly lights coal or coke fire. No wood or paper required. Can be used indefinitely. This British-made FIRELIGHTER is a great labour-saver and is wanted in every home. Does not burn away. Always ready. No mess. Quick and economical. Saves relighting fires. Can be lit thousands of times with a match. Excellent also for reviving a dead fire and for burning garden rubbish. Send NOW, P.O. or Stamps 2/3 to Wm. PENN, LTD. (Dept. P. J.B.), 632, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

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The War does make shopping and travelling difficult, and THOUSANDS OF ORDERS are sent through the post daily. Do you have your share of this EXTRA BUSINESS, or are your activities confined to local requirements only?

By advertising in "JOHN BULL'S" FAMOUS SHOP WINDOW your business can be extended country-wide and enable you to reach out for trade on a NATIONAL SCALE. Why not make "JOHN BULL" your most active salesman among the MILLIONS who read its announcements every week?

For particulars and rates write at once to John Bull Development Dept., "JOHN BULL" House, 93/107, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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TO preserve Records you must have good Need'es. SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES are just perfect. Loud, Medium, Soft. 200 for 6d. Bronze pick-ups for Radios. 9d. per 100. —Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Sheffield.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind. BAZAAR GOODS, TOYS, FANCY GOODS, etc. 144-page Catalogue free.—May (123), Birmingham.

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HAVE YOU LOOKED AT *JOHN BULL'S* SHOP WINDOW ON PAGE 2.

There are all kinds of useful articles offered at bargain prices, and you can order with confidence, knowing that each offer is covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on page 29. For instance, you can double your butter ration by using the PENN BUTTER MERGER, which costs only 5/-, or obtain extra warmth for your greenhouse, garage or A.R.P. shelter with the Stockport Distributing Co's new FUMELESS HEATER costing only 10/6.—Spend happy hours during the dark evenings playing on a RILEY HOME BILLIARD TABLE.—Wholesome, pure beer can be made for as little as one penny per pint by using VIGGORMALT, obtainable from all chemists.—These are but a few of the many bargains announced in *JOHN BULL'S* SHOP WINDOW.

IMMEDIATE SUPPLIES of batteries available, both U2 and No. 8 sizes. Also special storm light torches offered by Whitehall Supplies (Dept. J.B.), 51, Whitehall, S.W.1.

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YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police; study at home in your spare time; special courses for entrance and promotion; full particulars or advice about other careers, commercial, technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. A.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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MEN who can handle tools, Wood or Metal, Wanted as Teachers of Handicrafts in Boys' Schools. Our Correspondence course will fit you for appointment. Advice free. — Dept. E.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

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AIR Force.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. 38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

A FREE sample of Dr. Blosser's Herb Cigarettes to bring comfort and relief to catarrh and asthma sufferers will be sent to readers who fill in the coupon in the advertisement on page 29.

SUFFERERS from bad legs that pain and cripple you are offered a new treatment from which the coupon on page 31 will bring a valuable book with free advice and full particulars.

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WITH THE ALL-BEST-BRITISH

G.T.L. Tool Chest

and Home Repairing Outfit

THE best way to dispel worry is to keep your mind occupied, and woodworking will do this well and profitably. Now, during these long "black-out" evenings, the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit will give you a pleasurable pastime that will turn every minute of your spare time into spare cash! With this outfit you can make a thousand-and-one articles for your home and garden. Save yourself pounds by doing your own repairs! You also add to your income by making articles to sell. So . . . instead of spending money during leisure hours you will be making it and saving it! The G.T.L. Tool Chest contains nearly 60 high-quality articles, finest Sheffield tools—all tested ready for use, and guaranteed.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED A valuable FREE INSTRUCTION BOOK, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. Even if you have never handled a tool, you can be sure of IMMEDIATE SUCCESS, because this book tells you what to make and shows you, step by step, how to make it.

NO PRICE INCREASE WHILE STOCKS LAST! All prices for these Sheffield tools have gone up at least 25%! But purchase quickly, because while present stocks last the price of the G.T.L. Tool Chest will not be increased.

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FREE To readers of "John Bull," a beautiful 16-page Brochure describing the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, and telling how you can make and save money—as tens of thousands of others are already doing.

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Please send me by return, without cost or obligation, your beautifully illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit, together with full particulars of SPECIAL PRICE OFFER.

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ADDRESS .....

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MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MEN OLD AT 40. GET VIGOUR. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain RAW OYSTER stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force. Introductory price ONLY 1/9 a bottle. If not delighted with instant results, maker returns its LOW price. At all chemists; & branches Boots', Timothy White's & Taylors.

A USEFUL tip for all women. Every night cleanse your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. In the morning, before you make up, apply a fine film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This simple beauty treatment will preserve your complexion, give it a new smoothness, softness and a lovely look of youthfulness. Pond's Creams are sold in tubes handy for travelling, as well as in the usual jars.

CATARRH Sufferers. If you would like a trial bottle of Vick-Vatronol—the new brand nasal drops which end Catarrh misery—write, mentioning *John Bull*, to "Vick," 209, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1, sending 2d. stamp.

WOMEN Readers in need of a good war-time pick-me-up, something to safeguard health and nerves and give extra resistance, should fortify themselves now with Wincarnis, the quick-action tonic. See page 29.

ZEE-KOL Almond Oil Toilet Soap creates beauty and preserves beauty. Containing Almond Oil, it is costly. ZeeKol Almond Oil Soap is a marvellous tonic to the skin. Now only 6d. a large tablet, and well worth it.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners —everyone is praising the improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blanden's, Dept. 129G, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

ARE you a sampler? Do you respond to advertisements which offer samples? You ought to. It is a way of trying out all kinds of things which you might never know about. Make a habit of answering the advertisements and testing the goods.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 422M), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/9; Memos., Cards, neat pre-war prices. Samples free.—CRETEWAY PRESS, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

RETAILERS

OFFERING SPECIAL

A.R.P. LINES,

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull* Room 23, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

EGGS ARE SCARCE AND DEAR! In these times everyone should ensure for themselves and their families the vital nutrition provided by eggs. Keep your own fowls. "The Feathered World," on sale every Friday, gives you practical, helpful advice that will enable you to get full egg-baskets economically. Even if you are a small "back-yard" poultry keeper, don't miss the advice of "Feathered World"—out every Friday, twopence.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING. —Eggs are going to be dearer, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically. Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.11), 69, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Pref.)

GARDENING.

MAGNETIC Mine Menace overcome by growing more food. New Catalogue and Cultural Guide of Vegetable and Flower Seeds free.—Dobbie and Co., Ltd., Seedsmen, Dept. J.B., Edinburgh, 7.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SURNAMES.—If you would like to know the origin of your surname, send p.o. for 1/6 to HOWARD BAUGH, TIREE COTTAGE, SEALE, FARNHAM. MONEY refunded if found impossible to trace origin.

HOW to make a delicious jam roly-poly. An excellent recipe is given in the Borwick's Baking Powder announcement on page 24.

PRINT AT HOME and Earn Pound Notes. Big Money-making opportunities waiting for you. New Adana Automatic Printing Machine needs no skill and easily operated. Send for Free Book.—D. A. Adana (Dept. J.B.), 17, Church Street, Twickenham.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices, 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 2d. per punch. Smpl. 200-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat. BUKDON HUNTER, 26, Woodville Road, E.11.

A FREE Booklet explaining how you can make extra money in spare time with the new G.T.L. Tool Chest & Home Repairing Outfit is offered in the display advert. on this page. Fill in the coupon.

FOR good footwear go to a shop which sells Wearra Shoes. They are made in narrow, medium and wide fittings to ensure your correct fitting. They are strongly constructed, equal to the strain of war work, yet ideal for the city office. Wearra shoes are obtainable in three smart styles in black and tan. See page 20.

THE perfect food reserve—Oxo. The extra nourishment Oxo gives stimulates and fortifies you in these trying times. Now, more than ever, you should get a few extra Oxo cubes.

DUTY-FREE tobacco and cigarettes for the B.E.F., France. Parcels of 4 Square pure tobacco and/or cigarettes can be obtained from 2/9. Ask your tobacconist for details or write to George Dobie and Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland.

WHICH ever way you wash, boil, soak or nonboil, New Persil will give excellent results. Try your weekly whites, fragile colours, lamb-like woollens with New Persil and see its wonderful whiteness. See page 25.

HERE'S an easy way to clean grates. Take a tin of Zebo Liquid Grate Polish and a brush or cloth. Pour some Zebo on to the brush or cloth, then give the grate and the sides of the fire-back a quick rub over. There is no mess or bother when you clean grates the Zebo way, and it's economical, too, because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up. You can use it to the last drop. Get a tin of Zebo from your dealer. It is only 4d., 6d. and 9d. a tin.

PEOPLE used to believe that boiling made clothes white, but the Rinso method for your wash does away with boiling, and without any hard rubbing. Save fuel and drudgery by trying the Rinso way. There's no bleach or harsh chemical of any kind in it, and your whole washing, from silk stockings to sheets, will be safe with Rinso. And the suds can then be used again for general cleaning. See page 27.

IF you have never tried Shavex, do so at once. It is the no-soap, no-brush method of shaving. Popular with the British forces, you will find that you can shave in a quarter of the time it takes with soap and brush, and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes. Shavex is used all over the world. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex at 6d., 1/- and 1/6 tubes and 1/6 pots.

FOOD rationing need not prevent your family enjoying a completely nourishing diet. Make Ovaltine the regular mealtime beverage in your home. It is in itself a balanced and complete food, supplying all the nutritive elements necessary to make the daily diet complete in every essential. Now, more than ever, you need the supreme quality of Ovaltine—the best answer to the food question. Owing to its concentrated nature, it is most economical in use.

BEHIND the SIEGFRIED LINE

AFRICA FIGHTS
Wonderful pictures of the rapid change-over of a Sudanese Native—from Bow and Arrow to machine-gun on the Western Front.

H. G. WELLS CHALLENGES
H. G. Wells continues his challenge to the world. You are invited to write and criticise his Plan. Best letters will be published.

SAILORS REVEL
"Illustrated" takes you to Sailor Town—somewhere in England. Pages of vivid human pictures. See the Boys in Blue ashore.

THROUGH Neutral Countries the Nazis have distributed photographs taken just behind the Siegfried Line. "Illustrated" has secured some of them exclusively for its readers, and in the issue just out you'll see Hitler secretly visiting the line. The Nazi Commander-in-Chief inspecting trenches—Gun crews turning out for action—Barrage balloons going up. This copy of "Illustrated" is a typical example of the thrilling contents that have made nearly one million families give their newsagents a standing order for this great picture paper. Other absorbing features include: IF SWEDEN IS ATTACKED—THE BATTLE OF THE DOGGER BANK—AFRICA FIGHTS—INSIDE SAILOR TOWN—H. G. WELLS'S CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD—WAR TIME AIR GIRLS—THREE COMPLETE STORIES—JOKE DRAWINGS by BAIRNSFATHER—GILBERT WILKINSON—A. C. BARRETT and others—truly amazing value for threepence.

★ *To make sure of "Illustrated"—just out—you must order it from your newsagent to-day—and at the same time ask him to reserve a copy for you regularly every week.*

ILLUSTRATED JUST OUT!

Give him a "John Bull" Pen

● There is nothing that he will appreciate more than a "John Bull" pen—a useful and lasting memento that will make writing home a pleasure. **Cash the coupons now.**

CASH THE COUPONS

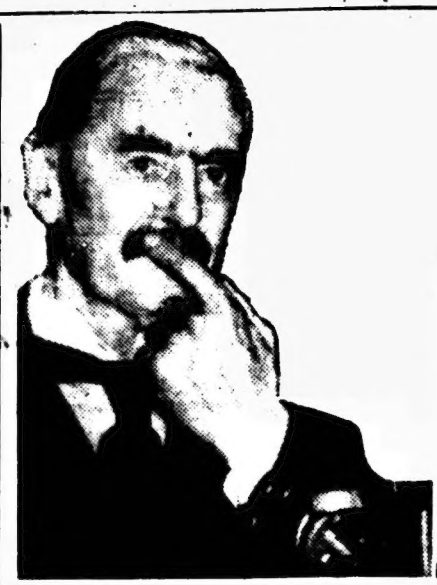
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, fitted pocket clip. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 2/3 plus 3d. postage and insurance.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 2/- EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

Address—"JOHN BULL," PEN DEPARTMENT, 136-135, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

VALUE 3d



THE PRIME MINISTER'S WARNING

"I do not consider the risk of Air Raids is over or even that it has diminished.

". . . . we shall have to face a phase of this War much grimmer than anything we have yet seen."

THIS momentous warning was uttered by the Prime Minister in his recent speech at the Mansion House, London.

Within forty-eight hours the people of this country saw for themselves the wisdom of the Premier's warning—the biggest day of air battles in Britain. Nazi Aircraft tried to penetrate our defences in many places—Thames Estuary, East Anglia, South East Coast, Mouth of Tyne and Scottish Coast. R.A.F. fighters and A.A. units went into action. Further raids have since followed.

Now, more than ever before, it is the duty of everyone to be prepared. For the sake of your dependents you should, without hesitation, secure "John Bull's" vital gift of War-time Security:—

FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

underwritten at LLOYD'S

FOR EVERY READER

Following are brief details of "John Bull's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200	**should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.**
£100	**for either.**

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife:

£100	**for loss of two limbs.**
£100	**for loss of sight of both eyes.**
£100	**for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.**
£50	**for loss of one limb.**
£50	**for loss of sight of one eye.**

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE up to £1,000. GAS EXPLOSION up to £100. BURST HOT-WATER PIPES up to £100. STORM & FLOOD up to £300. DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING up to £300. DAMAGE TO WIRELESS up to £10. BURGLARY & HOUSEBREAKING up to £500.

Take "John Bull's" advice—make sure of this DOUBLE protection while there is yet time. Use the forms below to-day. We need not be pessimistic. We need not go about expecting the worst. But forethought is better than afterthought in these days of uncertainty and tension. You owe it as a duty to yourself and your dependents to secure this security immediately. Do it NOW! You cannot afford to delay. Use the Forms below TO-DAY!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Date_____/ .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 27/1/1940.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 136, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

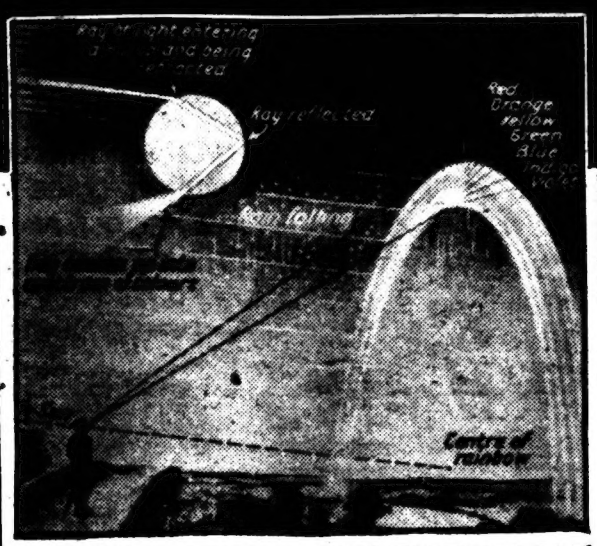
.....

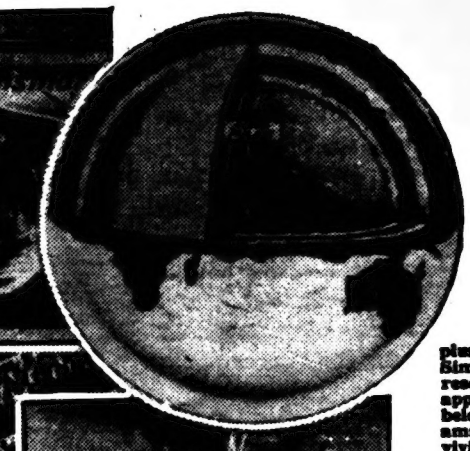
.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 27/1/1940

The MARVELS and MYSTERIES of SCIENCE





ENTIRELY NEW—Just off the press—Over 500 amazing photographs and explanatory diagrams—Over 50,000 astonishing facts—the most complete and up-to-date story of the Wonders of Science—the Mysteries of the Universe—the Secrets of the Earth—the Achievements of Man—and the Miracles of Life itself! Apply at once on forms below!

OVER 500 AMAZING PICTURES *including many* **EXPLANATORY DIAGRAMS**

Some of the thousands of amazing secrets explained in this Book.

HOW LIFE FIRST APPEARED.
THE SECRET OF THE LIFE CELL.
THE SECRETS OF ELECTRICITY.
WHAT CAUSES MAGNETISM?
HOW GLARE FROM CAR LAMPS IS AVOIDED.
HOW A COMPASS WORKS.
HOW A DYNAMO OPERATES.
HOW PEARLS ARE MADE.
WHAT MAKES NOTES COME FROM MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS?
HOW A BAROMETER WORKS.
HOW CENTRAL HEATING WORKS.
HOW ELECTRIC BELLS WORK.
HOW SUBMARINE PERISCOPE WORKS.
WORLD'S 700,000 KINDS OF ANIMAL LIFE.
HOW AN ACCUMULATOR IS MADE.
IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?
SHALL WE BE ABLE TO RADIO MARS?
HOW FAST DOES A BOMB HIT THE EARTH?
HOW DO RANGE-FINDERS WORK?
HOW SCIENTISTS SPLIT THE ATOM.
WHAT MAKES AN AIR RAID SIREN SO LOUD?
HOW A CAMERA WORKS.
WHAT CAUSES EARTHQUAKES?
HOW THE RAINBOW IS CAUSED.
WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF RED SNOW?
THE MARVEL OF SOUND WAVES.
MEASURING THE SPEED OF LIGHT.
THE WORKING OF THE THERMOMETER.
HOW METAL IS MAGNETISED.
ANIMAL COURTSHIP.
INSECTS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.
MYSTERIES AND MARVELS OF PLANT LIFE.
WHAT CAUSES AN ECLIPSE?
MOON'S MYSTERIOUS RAYS.
HOW HEAT TRAVELS.
WHY THE MOON CAUSES TIDES.
MAGIC POWERS OF MICROSCOPES AND SPECTROSCOPES.
HOW THE TELEPHONE WORKS.
ANIMALS WITHOUT SEX.
HOW THE MICROPHONE WORKS.
THE MYSTERY OF HURRICANES AND MONSOONS.
ETC., ETC., ETC.

THIS week "John Bull" provides a further opportunity for readers to secure its great new work — "THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE." If you have not yet applied do so at once while there is yet time. In the ordinary way this work would cost you One Guinea or more—yet it is yours, if you apply at once, for the amazingly low pre-war privilege price of 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc. Simply send Forms below together with 3d. in stamps. This reserves and guarantees your volume in your name. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post Forms below to-day! This work—just off the press—tells in over 500 amazing photographs and explanatory diagrams, with a vivid continuous narrative of over 160,000 words, the whole dramatic story of SCIENCE through the ages, and its culmination to-day in an awe-inspiring array of breath-taking discoveries, inventions and wonders.

Here are actual photographs taken through gigantic telescopes by the world's most famous scientists. Here are the enthralling records, experiences and discoveries of men whose whole lives have been given to Science. Here are almost incredible facts and awe-inspiring figures that will make your brain reel!

Specially written in simple non-technical English, this book takes you on a wondrous voyage of adventure and discovery. You learn amazing facts and secrets of the sun, moon, stars, planets, comets and meteors, time, space, gravity, temperature, the atmosphere, fire, water; heat, light, sound, electricity, magnetism—and all the marvellous machines and mechanism they involve. You travel through the entire wonderland of animal, insect, bird and plant life, and learn the secrets of Life itself!

When you open this book it takes such a hold on you that you go on and on—wondering and marvelling that such things can be.

This work is a beautiful library volume—printed on heavy white glossy-finished paper. Actual size is 9 in. deep by 6½ in. wide—weight 2½ lb.

For the Standard Edition with stiff covers bound in Dark Blue Morocco-grained Art Leathercloth, embossed in gold, you send, after you have received your Invoice, only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

For the De Luxe Edition, with stiff covers bound in Rich Scarlet Morocco-grained Art Leathercloth, embossed in real 22-carat gold, you send, after you have received your Invoice, only 3s. 9d., plus 1s. which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in the Reservation Form on right, affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label, and post at once together with your reservation fee of 3d. (Threepence) in stamps. Be sure to indicate Edition required. On receipt of forms you will be sent a Privilege Invoice entitling you to secure your Book on the special Privilege terms. You then send in your remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid.

HURRY! Don't miss this work at these amazing pre-war privilege prices. Post Forms on right to-day.

CUT ACROSS DOTTED LINE

"John Bull"

RESERVATION FORM

ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown and post to:
BOOK DEPT. J.B.2,
"JOHN BULL," 96, Fetter Street,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Prof.).

Please reserve in my name "THE MARVELS AND MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE" and send me a Privilege Invoice entitling me to the special Privilege Price. I enclose with this Form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I have indicated edition desired.

IMPORTANT.
You must send with this Form and Label your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. Fill in your name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS on Label and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. Form and Label and 3d. in stamps MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

STANDARD EDITION	You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.	DE LUXE EDITION

Write in BLOCK LETTERS.

YOUR NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

DATE .....
Last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Thurs., Feb. 1st.
Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.B. 27/1/40

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

.....

.....

..... J.B. 2.

THIS CUP OF FOOD STILL COSTS THE SAME

Bournville Cocoa at pre-war price

Don't get worried about your shopping. It's true that most things have gone up. But Bournville Cocoa won't add a penny more to your housekeeping bills. It's still the same value-for-money price as it was before the war. Just one cup of this food-drink made with all milk is equal in food value to half a pound of cod or two eggs. And there are 28 cups in a 6d. quarter-pound tin! So even if increased prices mean an egg less, or not quite so much fish and meat, you can fill up the gap by giving the family plenty of hot, comforting Bournville Cocoa, and be sure that they're getting their fill.

So give them hot, steaming cups of Bournville Cocoa tonight and see how it satisfies them and makes them grin and bear the blackout!

SHE HADN'T THOUGHT OF BOURNVILLE COCOA

Dad: I feel as if I hadn't had any supper.
Mum: But you've had just the same as you always have.
Dad: All this extra work I'm doing seems to give me a bigger appetite.

SHE GAVE THEM BOURNVILLE COCOA

Dad: Ah, now I feel I've had a rare good meal.
Mum: Glad I thought of Bournville Cocoa. We were brought up on it in the last war.
Pete: Whoopee, this is the stuff! Me for another cup.

Family Doubled overnight

How a farmer's wife coped with a sudden increase in family was an experience told to Cadburys by Mrs. H. Newman, a Berkshire farmer's wife.

'I had two children of my own at home, Albert, 11, and Belle, 2,' said Mrs. Newman, 'when the billeting officer asked me to take in two evacuated boys from Camberwell, Roy and Leslie, aged 10 and 8. My neighbours said that doubling my family like that would mean a lot of extra work and trouble and expense, but it didn't worry me a bit. I'd already learnt the secret of Bournville Cocoa and knew that it was a real godsend to busy mothers trying to keep their children well and fit on a limited budget. Now all the children have Bournville Cocoa every evening for supper. It's doing them so much good and keeping them wonderfully fit. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that they're getting the best there is — and that I can afford to give it to them.'

CADBURY'S

BOURNVILLE COCOA

— A CUP OF COCOA IS A CUP OF FOOD

H'M— THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES. LOOKS AS THOUGH MARY USES SOAP FLAKES FOR WASHING-UP
AND WHY NOT. YOU BIG BABOON? YOU GET TWICE AS MUCH SOAP FLAKES IN THE SYLVAN PACKET AND IT'S EASY ON MARY'S HANDS
SYLVAN FLAKES

Wash-up the quick economical SYLVAN *way and save your hands*

YOUR hands deserve all the consideration you can give them. Sylvan Flakes are kind to your hands because they do not contain soda. Put a handful of Sylvan Flakes in the washing-up bowl and see the mountains of lather you get! And notice how soft and smooth your hands remain, no matter how often you wash-up in gentle Sylvan suds.

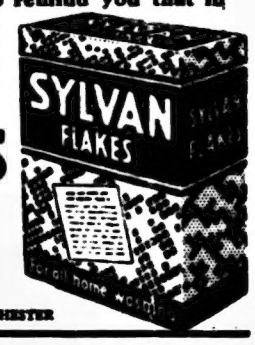
TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOUR MONEY IN THE SYLVAN PACKET

Then, just look at the *size* of the Sylvan Flakes packet. Why, you get almost twice as much for your money.

Twice as much pure, feathery, silky flakes which take the drudgery out of washing-up. What a boon to those of us who have to wash-up, four times a day, every day of our lives.

It doesn't matter to Sylvan Flakes how greasy your plates and dishes are — out they'll come clean and gleaming. And as for your cutlery and silverware, it will shine and glow with a lustre it hasn't had since the day you unpacked it as a wedding present.

NOW, for your hands' sake do just one thing. Write down Sylvan Flakes on your shopping list. Write it in large letters to remind you that in Sylvan Flakes you get about twice as much for your money.



SYLVAN FLAKES *for washing-up*

GET THE GIANT PACK 1/-. OTHER ECONOMY SIZES 6d & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO., LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

SNEEZE! SHIVER! ACHE! STOP that COLD For 2D.

Another Cold coming? Don't let it get a hold—stop it NOW—for 2d.! BEECHAMS POWDERS end the sneezing, shivering, headachy feeling! They are pleasant to take! They are quicker-acting! They are more certain in results—but they cost only 2d. each! You CAN'T afford to suffer, but you CAN afford to get BEECHAMS POWDERS! They also stop 'Flu, Chills, Pain, Rheumatism!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 27, 1940. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

**"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"**

CENSURE FOR SIMON

Two more Cabinet Ministers are likely to be axed. They are Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, Minister of Agriculture, and Mr. "Shakes" Morrison, Minister of Food.

Final decision has not yet been taken; their records are still being examined by the Prime Minister.

But Whitehall reckons it a certainty that they'll be dismissed.

* * *

HERE'S another Minister who should mend his ways: Sir John Simon.

Maybe that sounds almost blasphemous. For Sir John is Britain's Finance Boss, one of the Big Four in the War Cabinet.

He has just converted a Government loan and will thus save eight million pounds a year for the taxpayer. For that, most newspapers are giving him a new vote of confidence. JOHN BULL gives him a vote of censure.

Money for Nothing

Because the money Sir John saves us with one hand he squanders with the other.

He is paying 22s. per cent. on the money he borrows from the City for short periods. A few weeks ago the rate was even higher. Just before the war it was only 10s. per cent. and shouldn't be any higher now.

This means that great fortunes have been given to a few City houses—for nothing. It means that, even at the present rate, excess profits of more than eight million pounds a year are being handed to them.

By the man who urges us all to make sacrifices!

Blame the Banks

Don't blame the discount companies—who make these short-term loans to the Treasury—so much as the banks.

For the banks call the tune. The discount companies and the Treasury dance to it.

We want a Chancellor who will stand up to the banks.

Rations are Rational

Give Mr. Morrison his due. He is at last standing up to the stupid "no-rationing" campaign started by a small section of the Press.

He no longer dillies and dallies. And rationing is working well.

But his job is in jeopardy because, with Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, he failed to order sufficient feeding-stuffs for our cattle and poultry.

Killing the Goose

As we told you last week, supplies are now being improved. But if good milking cows are no longer having to be killed for lack of food, the poultry situation is still serious.

Some poultry farmers can get plenty of mashes and grain. Others can get none.

Two of our readers heeded Sir Reginald's "Produce More Food" appeal. They sank their savings to buy hens. Now, unable to buy feeding-stuffs, they have had to sell the hens at a loss and lots of people will go short of eggs in consequence.

Mr. Montegu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, still calls the tune for which the public pays

Food Folly

Yet every shipload of imported eggs uses up four times the amount of foreign exchange that would buy us the grain necessary to produce the eggs at home.

Our two food Ministers should have thought of that.

"Grow More Weeds!"

Sir Reginald also allows the Drift from the Land to go on, fails to stand up to the War Office.

Twelve months ago Minehead allotments were seized by the War Office as a site for a drill hall.

Ever since the land has been derelict. is covered by weeds which mock the "Grow More Food" posters.

Mr. Vernon Bartlett, M.P., the local council, and the county agricultural committee have all failed to make the Brass Hats listen to reason.

New British bombers being mass-produced can fight on equal terms with Nazi fighting 'planes and be manœuvred as easily.

Tail gunner can employ same fire-power as the Nazi "destroyers"—that's why we have lost so few machines in the long flights over Germany.

* * *

T.U.C. is Winning

Should dearer living be met by higher wages? Or must lower-paid workers be content and thus share "common sacrifices"?

Controversy still goes on. But, as we revealed last week, the T.U.C. views are now prevailing.

Extra steps have been taken in last few days to keep down costs; wage increases will be allowed in some industries.

Up a Gum Tree!

Meanwhile, some of the disputants can't see the wood for the trees.

True that three-quarters of the goods we produce are bought by small wage earners. True that if these Little Men bought less and had a little spare money left over they could invest in national funds.

Thus they'd help to make more goods available for export trade and help to finance the war.

But what on earth has this to do with "equality of sacrifice"?

(Continued on page 8)

"THE WISE MAN SEES THAT HIS HOUSE IS IN ORDER BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS"—Sir John Anderson

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

SEE PAGE 4

France Pays Duce in Gold for Italian Fighting Planes

No "equality of sacrifice" in taxing the rich so that they can't afford big luxuries and depriving poorer folk of small comforts!

Besides, excess profits are not really being stopped. Note that one firm has just declared a dividend of 65 per cent., the banks are doing well and will do better still as war progresses.

Only fair, on the other hand, to point out that some big firms have decided that if sacrifices become necessary they must be borne by the big-salary staff, and that some firms are restricting profits to 5 per cent. for the duration.

In brief, "soaking the rich" is a peace time problem, not to be confused with the equality of sacrifices that must be insisted upon during war.

Hitler won't like it, but Italy is now making warplanes for France. Payment is made in gold on delivery of each machine.

*

Torch Nonsense

Sir Andrew Duncan, new Board of Trade chief, must really stop the torch battery muddle.

Legal maximum prices are fixed for British batteries. Foreign ones can be sold at any price.

Result: British production is being kept down while profiteering continues on foreign and inferior makes.

We Could Do It

Time, too, that the rayon industry was expanded to meet our war needs. Rayon, essential to help the foreign exchange value of the £, can be made of domestic vegetable waste.

Canneries of the U.S.A., for example, use all the pea-shucks by sending this so-called refuse to the rayon factories. American production has thus been increased by 30 per cent. in a year; we could do the same.

Income Tax Loopholes

Is there waste, also, in collecting income tax?

Suspicion exists that some one-man firms, like the jewel merchants who deal in precious stones by passing them from hand to hand in the street, are evading payment

Could not the newly-issued National Identity Cards form the basis of a really watertight system?

All-in alliance between Russia, Germany and Japan! That's the proposal of Molotov to the Japanese ambassador in Moscow. Russia would "take" India and Japan be given Borneo, Eastern Australia and New Zealand, Germany helping herself to Dutch East Indies, W. Australia and African colonies. What a hope!

*

Round Trip

Who was responsible for sending many tons of meat from Liverpool to the official store in Southampton, from which it had to be taken back after a few weeks to Liverpool and Preston?

Blunderland!

As a last example of the Alice-in-Wonderland mentality of the new officialdom, six million tinners' hammers have been deposited in a Wiltshire town.

They can be used only in certain work; no salesman would stock more than half a dozen; they should last us for centuries if someone doesn't forget where they've been stored.

Sixteen Times Over

Obviously the war is good for some people. Fifteen-year-old Eric Larsen is one.

Now at Cardiff after his first trip on a Norwegian steamer, he has just drawn £32 as a month's pay.

Eric's basic rate is £2 a month. But Norwegian owners pay the crew an extra £1 a day when in the danger zone

Neutrals in the Money

Some neutral skippers are making £100 a month and more. Their companies can afford it, for they get big money for bringing grain from the River Plate to Britain.

But British ships, running alongside the neutrals and facing even higher risks from U-boats, are content with small profits; British A.B.s receive a war bonus of £3 a month.

For "John Bull" Sons

But if you've a sea-minded boy, that sort of thing won't deter him. And now you've the chance of the best possible training for him.

The Prince of Wales' Sea Training Hostel is allotting fifteen vacancies to sons of JOHN BULL readers.

Boys of good character and physique, aged between 14½ and 16, should apply to the Officer-in-Charge of the Hostel, Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich, who will also give financial help in cases of need.

CANDID CARTOON BY KEM

—"PERHAPS THE MEDITERRANEAN, ROUND BY THE BALKANS, WOULD BE SHALLOWER, ADOLF?"

Germans writing to friends here express sympathy with our "impossibility of buying soap." Yet Nazi Press doesn't seem to have been spreading such stories lately. So censors are paying even closer attention to letters sent home by Germans interned in Britain.

*

Take No Notice!

Turn to foreign affairs. Rumours still flash from capital to capital, Berlin scatters fresh threats.

Both can be ignored. No authentic sign yet of what Hitler will do when the Spring makes big actions possible.

But here are facts underlying the news you have read in the last few days:—

Complete Frost

Greatest Nazi set-back of the war has been the hold-up of 1,000 oil barges in the frozen Danube.

Goering's plans to transport before April at least three million tons of oil, wheat, soya beans and metals have therefore had to be reduced by 60 per cent.

Monarchist Plans

Unexpected factor which may have large-scale effects on Nazi policy is a new drive for a restoration of the monarchy in Austria and Hungary.

The Old Guard in both countries have agreed on separate kingdoms allied by treaty and in close accord with Britain and France.

They are getting a good deal of support, not only in their own lands, but from the Balkans.

Speed-up of road and railway works in Slovakia, dictated by Berlin, means that Hitler may still be thinking of marching into South-East Europe. Extra German troops and Gestapo agents are being drafted in. Italy wants an explanation.

*

Like France and Britain

Apart from help for Finland, Soviet threats to Scandinavia have caused a significant decision not yet made public.

Sweden and Norway are going to unite their military forces under a single command.

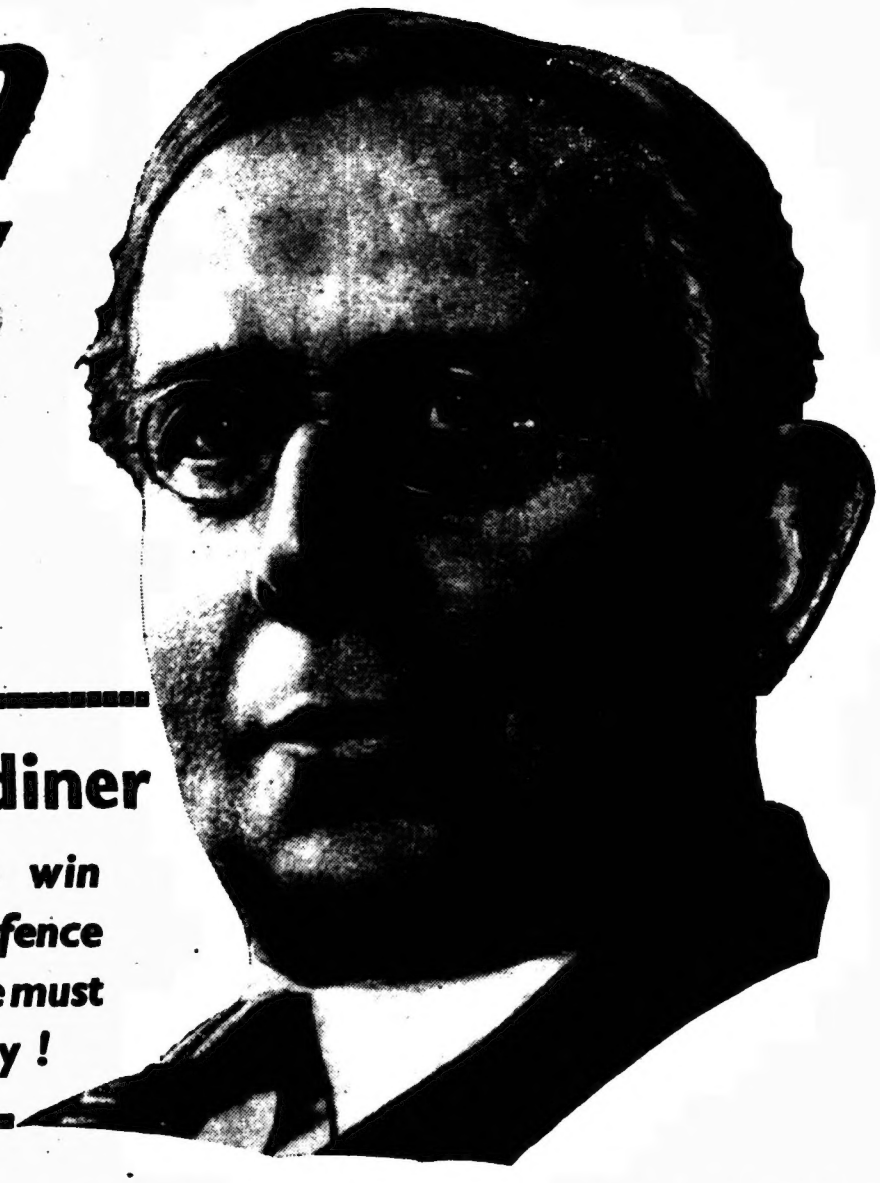
Trail of Death

Further Nazi statistics have now been released to show how disease flourishes in the new-poor Germany.

Deaths are increasing in every town. The rate has gone up by 20 per cent. in Berlin since the Nazis gained power, 19 per cent. in Dortmund, and so on. Lowest rise is that of 4 per cent. in Breslau.

Those, anyhow, are Nazi claims which can be believed.

FREEDOM isn't FREE



A. G. Gardiner

says that to win the war in defence of Liberty, we must pay, pay, pay!

THAT wisest of French statesmen, M. Reynaud, uttered a warning the other day that we shall ignore at our peril. It was directed against that comfortable phrase, "Time is on our side."

In one sense that phrase is true. In another sense it is as dangerous as a sleeping drug.

It is true that *if we can keep our command of the seas, and if we conserve our resources*, we can outlast the enemy.

But it is true also that if either of these conditions breaks down, Time will not save us from disaster.

We have reason to believe that the first of these conditions is secure.

Germany knows that sea-power is our vital nerve. If she can cut that nerve she can win the war.

That is why she defies every law of God or man in her attempt to destroy us at sea while holding the enemy armies at bay on land.

We know the peril, too, and events so far justify us in the belief that we shall survive it.

I am less sure that we are alive to the other peril.

It is as great, but it is less obvious, and it is the more dangerous for that reason.

STRIPPED TO ITS NAKED ELEMENTS, THIS WAR IS A WAR OF ENDURANCE BETWEEN THE TWO MOST POWERFUL GROUPS OF PEOPLE IN EUROPE.

Germany starts with the enormous initial advantage of having lived for over six years with one object in view, that of preparing for the war, and of having forged the most formidable military machine in history.

In the pursuit of this terrific conspiracy her people have been first enslaved and then flung ruthlessly into the furnace.

Their liberties have been destroyed, their standard of living whittled down to the barest level, their savings appropriated, their wages mortgaged, their hours of labour fixed to the very limits of endurance.

The whole economy of the nation has been concentrated on the single purpose of making it irresistible in war. This means a condition of extreme preparedness—every ounce of power ready for instant use.

But it may mean also a lack of reserve power—financial, economic, material.

It's Life or Death

That is the basis of the idea that "Time is on our side." Let us only hold the enemy in the first months of the war, and the worst will be over.

If he cannot make and win a lightning war, he cannot win at all. His staying power will be gone. The strain will break him, and victory will be won.

It may be so. But we do not know that it will be so. We may only be nursing an agreeable illusion. We may be living in a fool's paradise.

This is the meaning of M. Reynaud's warning.

It is the meaning, too, of the urgent appeals from the Prime Minister and the Chancellor to the nation to drastically change its way of life and put itself on a war footing.

Germany has been on a war footing for six years.

We are still living as if, with "Time on our side," we need not worry about the future or husband our resources, or suffer any of those severities that are the normal condition of the enemy.

The matter is summed up in the question of saving or spending. "Spend," says the business man. "Save," says the Chancellor.

And since the life or death of the nation is at stake, there can be no doubt where our duty lies.

It is hard on the business man, but the task of winning the war overrides all considerations.

For if we should lose the war, everything would be lost.

Think of Czechoslovakia. Think of Poland.

Think of Hitler riding with uplifted hand through the streets of London and Paris as he rode through the streets of Prague and Warsaw.

There are two commanding reasons for saving. The first relates to the prosecution of the war.

The nation has been turned into an arsenal. (Germany has been an arsenal for six years: we have a lot to catch up.)

This means that most of our available labour has been diverted from manufacturing goods for peace consumption to manufacturing goods for war consumption.

It follows that there must be a growing shortage of what we may call peace commodities.

And if we insist on buying those commodities the price will rise to famine rates, and prices and wages will chase each other in a vicious spiral where money values will vanish in inflationary space.

This is not all. We are the greatest importing country in the world. It is our strength and our weakness.

It is our weakness now, when every cubic foot of shipping is needed to keep up the supplies necessary for the war—food, armaments, oil, soldiers.

It is the plain duty of every one of us not to buy a thing that comes from overseas which we do not urgently need.

Our Strongest Weapon

All our manufacturing beyond that needed for the war should be limited to goods for export which will help us to pay for the war.

The second reason for saving is that our strongest weapon against Germany is our financial stability which enables us to draw on all the resources of the world for our war essentials.

That weapon will go if we do not pay our way.

We are spending seven millions a day on the war now; soon it may be ten millions.

This vast sum can only be met in two ways—by taxation and saving.

Sir John Simon has turned the screw relentlessly upon the tax-paying class, has drawn on our accumulated savings by the issue of Savings Certificates and Defence Bonds, and has announced a conversion scheme preliminary to floating a great Defence Loan.

But it is not enough to tax us even to the last penny or to borrow our past savings even to the last pound.

He must have a ceaseless flow from our current income.

The taxation of the well-to-do even to extinction will not meet his needs.

Two-thirds of the consumption of this country is by people with incomes not exceeding £5 a week.

That consumption must be reduced if the vicious spiral is to be avoided and the flood of imports unrelated to the war is to be checked.

Golden Bullets

Mr. J. M. Keynes has propounded a scheme of compulsory saving, but that expedient should not be necessary if the magnificent response to the Savings Campaign is maintained.

In seven weeks £53,000,000 has been subscribed to the new issues of Savings Certificates and 3 per cent. Defence Bonds.

Already 45,000 savings groups in connection with the campaign have been formed, and the number is increasing by 650 a week.

But they should increase by ten thousand a week, for Sir Robert Kindersley tells us that there are 350,000 places of business in the country which would qualify for the establishment of a group.

WE SHOULD NOT REST UNTIL ALL ARE MOBILISED FOR WINNING THE WAR AND FOR BREAKING THE SHOCK WHEN THE WAR IS WON AND THE DIFFICULT TRANSITION TO PEACE COMES.

It is this flow of current savings that will do more than anything else to seal the doom of Hitler.

And let us remember the alternative.

Let us, I repeat, think of desolate Bohemia, ravaged Poland, and that nightmare vision of Hitler's arm extended over a prostrate London and a prostrate world.

And now for those 300,000 savings groups that remain to be formed. Every one a new nail in Hitler's coffin.

I am fighting against my Country!

This is the story of a German, a refugee who is happy to be wearing a British uniform in the fight against his own countrymen. He is among the many German and Austrian exiles, now sheltering in this country, who are delighted that their offers to serve with the Allied Armies have been accepted. They are eager to free the Fatherland from the grip of tyranny.

MY father was born in Hamburg; my mother is Viennese, and I am now wearing the uniform of the British Army of Pioneers, eager to stand shoulder to shoulder with your soldiers in their fight to free my country from the Nazi masters.

All my young life was spent in Germany. There is not a hundred square miles of what is now the Third Reich that does not contain some landmark capable of filling me with memories of the past.

Yet I am bitterly determined to fight my own countrymen, to help any invasion of those sacred acres.

Seven years ago such an attitude would have made me think I was crazy. But in the meantime I have spent two years in a concentration camp. My memories are soured by that nightmare experience. It hurt me beyond healing.

AFTER my release, friends secured for me a visa for this country. I came here broken in spirit, a physical wreck, capable only of wandering around the comfortable refugee camp pondering miserably on my years of terror.

My days were spent in utter misery. Mental torture had burned into my mind the terrible things I had seen. I gazed at the sky, trying my best to delight in my freedom, but all I saw was one nightmare picture after another.

I thought of the country that had given me so much when I was young, that had given me happy schooldays, joyous holidays, allowed my father and mother to grow to sweet old age with everything they could want.

Once they were free, bodily and mentally. And with their friends they were eager to carry on the Fatherland's great traditions of culture, of science, of craftsmanship and athletics.

I remember with painful vividness the day that Hitler was lifted to power on a pyramid of bayonets, daggers and machine-guns.

I remember the day Nazi thugs came into our office to tell my father that the Trade Union he had helped to create was but a figment of his imagination. And having ruined a life's work, they came again to kick us into the street because my mother was a Jewess.

I REMEMBER trying to find work.

Every door was closed to me. My abilities were appreciated, for I had won some recognition for my work as an economist.

There was always a smile and a pat on the back when I introduced myself. My work was praised, but I was slowly hedged to the door when the subject of my birth certificate was raised. I could not prove pure Aryan descent. I was not wanted—officially.

There was nothing left for me to do except emigrate.

Preparations were complete when Nazi storm troopers swooped on our flats.

They beat us, kept us in dark cells, cross-examined us, lashed us with their belts, insulted us, accused us of crimes that had not even been committed, and when we were too weak to be of any further sport for their hideous third degree entertainments, they packed us off to concentration camps, unconcerned about our future.

I lived through two years of torture, starvation, and horror only because I was inspired by my thoughts of escaping to another country, to England, the land of the free.

And then I was given my liberty.

I can never forget the day I arrived at Harwich.

I cried and laughed, and even in my hysteria I felt that the people around me, talking a language I could not understand, were my friends.

They took me to another camp, but there were no storm troopers there, grinning maliciously as they pushed us along with their gun butts.

Instead there were friendly smiles, congenial work with jolly comrades when I felt like it, and peace for the blue days.

I learned to love Britain and the British. With a growing understanding of the language, I realised I was surrounded by decent people again.

When the crisis came there was no flicker of a doubt as to my loyalty.

Some of my countrymen doubt me when they see me wearing the uniform of a British soldier.

But as long as Hitler rules there is no Fatherland. The day he is defeated I will gratefully return my uniform to my British comrades.

They will know that in creating a new Fatherland, we refugees will still fight shoulder to shoulder with British people.

Meanwhile, I fight my country—to liberate it!

Long after Muller the spy had been executed, messages were sent in his name

Britain's Wonderful Spy Net

BRITAIN'S blockade is not only preventing the sinews of war from reaching the enemy, but is also strangling those espionage agents who are separated by sea from the Fatherland.

This spy blockade net stretches across the world.

British agents in remote neutral ports watch for the sailing of contraband, and three thousand keen-eyed sleuths in our vast military censorship organisation search for tell-tale information in the mail.

Into the net are falling spies and contraband cargoes alike.

Even though censorship is costing millions a year, it has already paid for itself many times over.

Sir John Simon disclosed that only about 180 suspected enemy agents had been arrested so far.

Out of the other 50,000 enemy aliens in this country, 3,000 were under surveillance.

IN the last war the notorious spy Muller was trapped through one of our postal censors detecting secret writing on a newspaper addressed to Amsterdam.

Muller's execution was kept secret, "his" messages were still despatched through the same channel, and his bosses continued to send his pay until at last they sacked this long-dead man because his "information" was proving too dangerous.

For this reason the postal censorship seals its lips if another espionage trick is discovered.

To reveal its find would indicate to the enemy that the agent using this particular method of transmitting information was under "observation."

Further messages would at once be suspect.

No attempt is made to draw the veil over the well-known devices of espionage now being utilised in this war as they were in the last.

Familiar with these dodges, and eager to discover others, the 3,000 "detectives" at the G.H.Q. of the military postal censorship are now working the clock round in a football pool firm's former mammoth offices at Liverpool. They will soon be moving to London.

MORE than two thousand men and women are watching letters going out or coming into Britain.

Hundreds of other sleuths are concerned with parcel mails, printed matter, traders' experts. Sixty thousand packages a week are being examined.

Coded messages are conveyed in innocent-looking trade invoices and circulars, newspapers, magazines and books, and on greeting cards. Even watermarks in stationery can tell a tale.

Musical scores that would cause a terrible cacophony yet convey good intelligence are another clever espionage device. So are gramophone records of songs that sound all right till changed words are interpolated.

Many attempts are being made just now to smuggle jewels into Germany through neutral countries.

Every parcel is suspect, for minute pieces of paper can be inserted under precious stones.

Even string tied round parcels has been found when unravelled to be made of paper on which a spy's report has been written.

Stockings have been knitted in code.

White-coated chemists work in laboratories, side by side with the censors.

These censors, speaking one or other of every language under the sun, were nearly all picked before war started. The majority were recruited through the Ministry of Labour's Central Register of specialists.

CENSORS must prevent indiscreet remarks in correspondence from reaching the enemy.

Although much of the most vital Secret Service work is done in the Censor's office, censorship is only one section of the fight against espionage enabling Britain to win the spy war.

Navy blockaders sweep the seas for the enemy agent's mailed report, and listen for information radioed by his submarines.

Few persons know exactly how and upon whom the Secret Service funds are spent. But they also know that these funds are helping Britain to win the spy war.

The Human Machine

THERE are some things affecting and afflicting us all that are so commonplace in their occurrence that we either fail to notice them or take them completely for granted.

There is the common cold.

There is the common temper.

We all lose our tempers. So none of us bothers about it. It is far easier to prevent tempers being lost than it is to cure the results of losing them.

Good temper or bad temper is largely a matter of habit. Habit is a matter of mental training and mental discipline. We can learn to keep our temper, or we can learn to lose it.

It may sound queer to talk of "learning" to lose your temper. But each time you do lose it makes it easier to lose it next time.

That is the way a habit grows.

It is as easy to learn to keep your temper.

Each time we resist the impulse to anger makes it easier to resist the next time.

There is another thing.

When we lose our tempers we are doing nothing fine, nothing rational, nothing intelligent. We are simply reverting back to babyhood, without a baby's reasonable excuse!

We are also causing those on whom we vent our anger to feel contempt for us. And that's not clever!

Ill-temper is a bad habit, and any bad habit can be cured by putting a good habit in its place.

The injunction that we should count ten before we speak when we are angry was a piece of profound wisdom.

Even that slight pause will give our reason time to overcome what is nothing better than an uprush of primitive savagery.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

• Boycott contemptible "Patriots"
• Somebody is asleep in Whitehall

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,
War Minister

DEAR SIR,—Soldiers' wives are still waiting for the supplementary allowances promised two months ago!

Women with abnormal rent, house purchase payments, high insurance premiums or other exceptional expenses hastened to apply for extra aid. They had a visit from an inspector early in December, and have heard nothing since.

Many of them are piling up debts or having to beg from public assistance committees.

There's something wrong if the wives of men fighting for their country have to queue up for the poor law, and there's no reason why their applications to you should not receive a decision within a week or two.

You can relieve existing distress only by oiling administrative machinery.

Do it at once.—JOHN BULL.

The CITIZENS,
Scarborough

DEAR PEOPLE,—Boycott the contemptible "patriots" shaming you all.

Leeds students, evacuated to your town, are libelled by posters telling them that: "We want battle dress, not blazers," and "We don't want you in Scarborough—join up."

Of every ten students, three are registered for military service, four will soon have to register, and one is under age.

Even more important is the need to prevent any repetition of the White Feather hysteria of 1914.—JOHN BULL.

EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Horley, Surrey

GENTLEMEN,—Because you are allowing evacuated boys of thirteen and fourteen to attend a local school, village children of six and seven have to walk two miles to a wooden shed for their lessons.

Their parents are indignant, and who can wonder at that?

A rhinoceros could organise a better educational system!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—If you are short of flying instructors, read this:—

Promptly responding to the radio appeal last September, a civil instructor offered his services to the R.A.F. He was told he would be called up within a few weeks. At the end of November. But he's waiting yet.

Funny, isn't it?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RAMSAY MUIR,
Liberal Leader

DEAR MR. MUIR,—You do well to remind Dr. Goebbels, who has lately been sneering at the part played by British merchants in the slave trade, that we also took the leading part in its abolition.

We became too civilised to tolerate the subjection of fellow-men. Nazis are renouncing civilisation by forcing the Poles into serfdom.

Centuries ago, our prisons were hell-holes. As enlightenment came, we insisted on better treatment even for criminals.

To-day, Nazis are shooting thousands of people who have committed no crime, set their young hooligans to stamp upon the faces of Jewish women, lash and degrade men whose only offence is the courage of high ideals.

For such bestial ruffians to gibe at the history of their opponents is not the least example of their hypocrisy.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Food

DEAR SIR,—Rationing has made a good start, but it may yet be deadly for invalids.

One diabetes sufferer is supposed to eat 21 oz. of bacon and 28 oz. of butter a week. Others, given certificates by specialists for extra rations, find that you refuse them even an extra ounce.

Do you really mean to condemn them to ill-health, coma, and perhaps death? If not, you'd better act quickly.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. C. A. EDWARDS,
Storehouse Wen Farm, Anglesey

DEAR MADAM,—I don't know why farmers should be expected to sell their goods at less than pre-war prices, when prices are mounting.

Your butter now fetches 1s. 5d. a pound compared with 1s. 7d. a year ago. So you receive £2 2s. 6d. for thirty pounds, whereas if you sold the milk that makes it you'd get £8.

You ask me who will blame you if you decide to do this.

I shan't.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Pos'master-General

DEAR SIR,—It saddens and angers me to read your advertisement for part-time telephonists, aged more than thirty, at 1s. 0½d. an hour.

Cheap labour methods are more disgraceful than ever in these days of dearer living.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. R. McDONALD,
Small Firms' Champion

DEAR SIR,—Here's wishing you speedy success in your efforts to get arms contracts for the smaller manufacturers.

Here, too, is an example for you to quote:—

A qualified engineer, with a small motor works, has tried in vain to secure official work even though one of his inventions is used in our submarines.

Ministers urge us all to take part in the common struggle.

Strange they deny some of us the right to do our bit.—JOHN BULL.

PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY

GENTLEMEN,—Grossly unfair to give a week's notice to 80 per cent. of the nurses in your river emergency service. Many of them cannot get their peace time jobs back.

Ever since war started they have carried out the most dangerous of all women's A.R.P. work. They have travelled up and down the river in the worst of weathers, in all sorts of craft. They have taken examinations at their own expense.

To turn them adrift, without bothering to enquire if they can return to the posts they relinquished, is the limit of ingratitude.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Someone in your Department is sleeping the sleep of Rip Van Winkle.

Mr. A. L. Walton, of Bury, became sixty-five last October. Three months earlier, as requested by an official leaflet, he applied for the old age pension.

He has since written three letters on the subject. They have been ignored. And he is still waiting for the pension.

Don't wait for the Spring before you start clearing out the cobwebs from your officials' wits.—JOHN BULL.

Sir BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER,
117, Piccadilly, London, W.1

DEAR SIR BRUCE,—Th's hard winter should not be allowed to impair the health of evacuated mothers and infants lacking warm clothing, or mothers in emergency maternity hospitals needing small comforts.

It will not if most people send a trifle to your Materials Fund, which, managed by the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare, has already received donations from the Queen and the Queen Mother.

I hope you get enough pence, shillings and pounds to ensure that no mother or baby shall be victimised by poverty.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. R. STOKES, M.P.,
Ipswich

DEAR MR. STOKES,—Here's my support for your "free land, free money" campaign.

As you say, there is no doubt that if all land were fully used landlords would get five hundred million pounds a year. I agree that this enormous rent should be collected for the common purse, and thus help pay for the war and provide work for the unemployed.

Not a single section of the community should be allowed to reap fortunes.

Landowners are paying increased taxes, but in war time they should not be allowed to draw bigger incomes from the soil which men are fighting to defend. —JOHN BULL.

"THE MIRACLE LINE."

THERE'S one Line that can never be broken, it's not built by the hands of man, it's the Line that men's souls have erected and there's Heaven in its shape and its plan. It's the Line that will go down in History as The Miracle Line of the War, because it's the Line between Right and Wrong, the Thing we are fighting for.

•

IT was Christ Laid its deep foundations with the Love that He Gave to us all. And this Sacred Line of Suffering, this Great Indestructible Wall, will never give way before Hatred, its ramparts are Faith Divine, and the Holy Texture of Sacrifice built this Imperishable Line.

•

WHAT treasures have gone to its making, what tragedies welded therein, from the Crown of Thorns to the Holy Nails which those Hands Divine did pin; on to the Cross whose Message still rings through the World to-day. And that is the Strength of this Line of Faith which can NEVER BE SWEPT AWAY.

•

AND so though the whole World be rended by the Hosts of Destruction and Might, this Line with its Hope and its Glory, with its structure of Infinite Right, will stand when all else may have fallen, it will shine above man's last dark sin, For the Line that is Lit by the Light of the Cross is a LIVING LINE AND WILL WIN.

J. M

Here are the Answers

Flying Armadas

WHAT is this "close formation" flying with which British Blenheim bombers repelled fierce attacks by superior numbers of Messerschmitts and other heavily armed Nazi aircraft over the North Sea?

CLOSE formation is "wing-tip-to-wing-tip" flying in certain prearranged patterns according to the type of enemy aircraft likely to be encountered. British pilots are pioneers in this type of flying, which they have now developed to a pitch unequalled by any other air force in the world.

It was highly dangerous during initial training periods, and some years ago there was a public outcry at the number of casualties it caused.

But so much was learned that any British squadron now in service could fly long distances with wing tips linked by thin cord.

The purpose is to defeat enemy attempts to cut out a single machine for destruction. By flying in tight formation bomber aircraft can bring a concentrated cross fire to bear on enemy machines.

Fighters nearly always plunge individually to engage a formation and mass fire holds them off.

During the last few weeks, British bomber flights, *unescorted by fighters*, have fought off many attacks unscathed or with only minor casualties. Nazi bombing flights similarly unescorted have suffered heavily.

HOW is the small property owner going to fare if there is air raid damage in this country now that the Government has turned down a war risk insurance plan for houses?

HE need not worry too much. If he has no capital with which to pay for his property to be restored to a livable condition, local authorities are instructed to bear immediate costs of repair.

He will be charged with the amount, but this will not be payable until after the war, when Government compensation will be due.

A State scheme has been drafted for assessing such claims, which must be made as soon as possible after the damage has been done.

Post-war compensation will be paid accordingly.

WHY didn't Hitler make his moves against Holland and Belgium two months ago?

TWO months ago he was stymied in his threat to Holland because Belgium would not remain neutral. That would have allowed the British Army to cross Belgium into Holland before he had time to consolidate his gains.

Therefore, he directed his attention to a Balkan drive. Now that has been knocked on the head by the Italian agreement with Hungary.

Even if Hitler succeeds, at great cost, in getting a foothold on the Dutch coast for air bases, it will be a mixed blessing for him. His aircraft will be nearer Britain, but British pilots will be able to "short cut" over Holland—instead of having to go all the way north round the Frisian Islands and run the gauntlet of the heavy fighter concentration zones in North Germany, which now have to guard only one comparatively narrow entrance.

WHAT is the position about evacuation in all belligerent countries?

ONLY evacuation of civilians and business firms in Germany took place in certain of the areas adjacent to the Siegfried Line, where artillery might have to be faced. Nazis have banked on the democracies refusing to embark on a "totalitarian" air war against open towns.

Similar exodus took place in frontier areas in France. Children, invalids and infirm people were evacuated from Paris early in September, but only about twenty business firms left Paris. Those who did were pilloried by name in the newspapers.

Three million children were sent to reception or neutral areas from the big towns and threatened districts of Britain, and 3,500 business firms departed from London to country houses and seaside hotels in areas considered remote from air attack. An equal number left the big industrial towns.

Evacuees have had to stay put in Germany.

Forty per cent. of the children have returned to Paris.

An average of 60 per cent. of children have returned to their homes in Britain.

Nine hundred firms, or about 25 per cent. of the total, have returned to London. More are coming back, and the same is happening in the provinces. Cost of evacuating children, Civil Servants and business firms is about £80,000,000.

President Roosevelt is right. The United States will never isolate itself from the rest of the world

It Takes Two to Make a CHRISTIAN

By the Rev. Pat McCORMICK,
Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields

I DO hope the people of the United States will take to heart and remember in the days to come the speech made by President Roosevelt at the beginning of the year. He said that even though the United States might want to isolate itself from the rest of the world, it could never do so.

These are important words, to be remembered chiefly because they were forgotten after the last war.

AND because the Americans forgot this truth, the League of Nations never became the League it was meant to be.

Whatever the reasons for this decision, I feel that the United States cannot be wholly absolved from sharing some blame for this war.

It might never have started had the United States been in the League from the start and remained in it.

I am not arguing that the United States ought to come into this war, but I am suggesting an isolationist policy will be impossible in future.

There will be no real peace in the world till it becomes a world peace; till every nation is ready to work for peace, for fair dealing and international justice, and to realise that unless these are made the rule, peace is only a name.

If the United States keeps out of this international programme in the future, she will be keeping back the progress of civilisation.

President Roosevelt is right.

Isolation is impossible. The world is interdependent. St. Paul was right when he said: "We are members one of another, and if one member suffers all the members suffer with it."

Neutral nations may make money out of a war, but this is a moral question.

What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Nazi-ism has invented a new system of morals.

What is good for Germany is regarded as good in itself. Aggression, the broken word, persecution and lying propaganda are right simply because they are used in the service of Germany.

Germany can do no wrong; therefore, it must rule the world.

Such a position is impossible unless all the world is going to live under tyranny, and truth is permanently suppressed.

But we know such things cannot be.

Truth may be on the scaffold for a time, but it is bound to rise again. Everyone with faith in God knows that. History has shown it true again and again.

Tyrannies can't last because they are a denial of the brotherhood of mankind.

"Glorious isolation" is wrong for the same reason. So is Anglo-Saxonism or Aryanism or any mere race domination.

We are members of one family, and until we realise it there is going to be chaos in the world.

In the last fifty years science has brought all nations so near to each other that we must learn to live together peacefully and with tolerance.

Jesus began to break down the barriers of race that were dividing people, and the barriers of class. He was the friend of the poor man and the outcast.

HE told men to think of God as Father and to call Him by that name.

He proclaimed the law of love; love God as Father and men as brothers.

The world has to learn this so that we can live at peace.

Britain has to learn it, too. The war is showing us that we are members one of another, and that we have to help each other and bear each other's burdens.

We have to keep preaching these things after the war. We shall never go back to pre-war conditions if the world learns its lesson now. We shall be rid of slums and grinding poverty and help each other as brothers.

We are dependent on each other as nations are; we can't do without other people and isolate ourselves. That is why real Christianity is the only salvation for the world.

When we really learn to love God and our neighbours, a new world will be created.

"Love" means service, not merely trying to like our neighbours. We really show our love for God by helping, instead of hindering our neighbours.

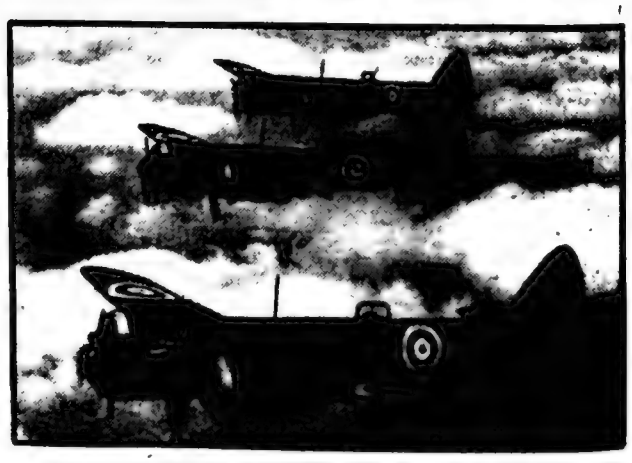
WHY can't the delicate instruments used by the Nazis as sound locators be put out of action by amplifiers, attached to British bombers, and so constructed that pilots could increase the roar of their engines until they deafened enemy listeners?

MANY readers of an inventive turn of mind have asked this question, and JOHN BULL's aviation expert answers them by giving the reasons why this suggestion is impracticable.

Amplifying equipment, composed of loudspeakers and special current generators, would weigh as much as all the guns and ammunition normally carried by bombers. Military aircraft are so precisely designed that the addition of even a few pounds extra weight affects performance.

Noise powerful enough to affect ground instruments would also blast pilots' earphones. Engine noise is bad enough now. With amplifiers, the job would be impossible.

It would defeat its own object. Even if the nearest locators were disrupted, those further away would pick up the oncoming aircraft sooner and with greater accuracy.



During the last few weeks British bomber flights have fought off many attacks by Nazi fighters because they were flying in "close formation"

VIKINGS versus PIRATES

HARRY GREGSON hears some blunt words from the neutral skippers. . . .

A merchantman that did not escape the wrath of Nazi pirates, the 12,000-ton Japanese liner 'Terukumi' sinks off the east coast in 45 minutes. Lifeboats are seen taking off the 27 passengers and 178 members of the crew who were saved

YOU can easily recognise the neutral ships. Their national colours, painted on their hulls, provide the only touch of colour in Britain's ports among the grim war time black and grey making the outlines of British and Allied merchantmen less conspicuous to U-boats.

Many neutral ships also have their names painted in large letters on their hulls, and often carry huge signboards, mounted on their decks, showing their nationality.

But neutral skippers know that this sign-painting is a farce. Neither U-boats nor mines respect nationality. Eighty-three neutral ships, totalling 248,144 tons, had been sunk by the beginning of January.

Many neutral ships sail in convoys with British vessels, their paths swept clear of mines, and guarded by warships and aircraft.

Other neutral skippers, too eager to wait for official escort, feel their way across the North Sea unaccompanied, fair prey for U-boat, mine or Nazi bomber.

There is no escort for the lone Norwegian tramp, or the Dutch steamer with its cargo of cheese, butter and eggs. U-boat commanders know it only too well.

Captain Petersen of the Norwegian steamer "X . . ." now discharging in London, is a typical bluff sailor, his weather-beaten face almost hidden in the upturned collar of a leather jacket.

"Have I ever seen a U-boat?" he asks with a hearty laugh, "I wouldn't be here if I had."

"See these holes——" he points to a series of jagged punctures near the bridge. "That is what German seaplanes do when they see me. I've left three men in hospital in Bergen—casualties.

"My company started with three ships. One was torpedoed, one was mined, and I'm the third—and lucky!"

AS he stuffed his pipe, he told me that it took him five days instead of two to get to Norway.

"Lighthouses are blacked out to one-tenth of their pre-war candle power," he added. "If I'm not dodging the German mines, I'm avoiding British minefields, the great difference being that I'm told where to find the British mines. Follow the course laid down by the British authorities and you're all right. They know their job, those men. I trust in God and a good compass."

Across the river is a Dutch ship.

Her captain, like so many Dutch skippers, has the air of a serious artisan rather than a seaman. He is quietly efficient.

"It's cold in here," he says, telling me to be seated by his desk in the cabin. "I daren't have the heat on because I'm constantly summoned to the bridge these days, and the sudden change from warm to cold air makes me ill. Now I keep cold all the time.

"What do I think of the war? Well, it's worse than the last."

The captain took a roll of charts from a rack.

"We call the North Sea the cemetery," he says. "See here—wreck—wreck—forbidden waters—mines. I spend 72 hours on the bridge without a wink of sleep from the time I leave London until I reach Rotterdam."

Eighty-four warnings about drifting mines were radioed to his ship by Dutch and British stations on his last voyage.

"We may not navigate in the Thames estuary after dark, so we have to keep going at sea all through the night to get to the estuary at dawn," he added. "It's killing."

To come up the Thames neutral skippers from Holland and Scandinavia have to sail nearly into the English Channel, to get their route for the Thames. By that time it is dark, so they have to anchor until next morning.

None of the captains with whom I spoke now illuminates his nationality board at night. "Light attracts the flies," said one grimly.

While these neutral ships discharge their timber, raw materials and food for Britain, their captains sit in cheerless blacked-out cabins, gas masks and lifebelts hanging by their bunks.

The plate glass of the bridge house is usually a maze of criss-crossed paper strips.

The captain of the *Simon Bolivar*, the mined Dutch liner, had his throat cut on the bridge by flying glass So neutral skippers treat the glass windows of the bridge as we treat our windows.

WRECKS, explosions and occasional upturned lifeboats are constant reminders to these hardy skippers of the conflict around them. The most welcome sight is the red, white and blue markings of a British patrol aircraft, for, as one captain said, "We have everything to fear from the Nazis, nothing from the British."

Most skippers worry about their wives, listening to the British radio news and hearing of "neutral ships sunk," without being told the names of the vessels. But neutral skippers don't intend to give in.

"We Dutchmen," said the slim, intellectual Dutch skipper, "have been seafarers for centuries. We will be on the seas when Hitler is no more."

A Brain for Every Job!

JOHN BULL has already introduced the scientists now working day and night in secret laboratories all over England to deal with every death-dealing menace threatened by an unscrupulous enemy.

But they are not alone.

The Government has more than 80,000 experts, from zoologists to big business men, always ready to play their part as war-time specialists. This article describes the method by which Whitehall has mobilised the greatest Brains Trust of All Time.

"CAN you speak Hausa?" asks the woman official "Somewhere in West London," as she picks from an index drawer one of the 80,000 cards composing the greatest mobilisation of brains of all time.

"Hausa? What is it?"

You've been caught out again by the Central Register, the "Universal Provider" of the war time Ministry of Labour and National Service.

Not a day now passes without a Government Department, or an industrialist asking for a specialist whose services are vital to our ever-increasing war machinery.

Central Register has never failed to answer every call, even if it is for that rare somebody who speaks Hausa.

"HAUSA," the woman official enlightens you, "is an African language. Individuals speaking it are not absent from the 80,000 Index; we can do with more.

"We can also do with linguists in Urdu, which is spoken by millions of India's Moslems, and with others who have an expert knowledge of the language and the people of Finland or Japan."

Linguists skilled in more than 200 languages are already listed. The B.B.C. makes use of some. Postal censorship many more. The Secret Service a select few.

As the world's greatest shopkeeper trading with every corner of the earth, Britain is fortunate over her linguists.

There's no place her sailors, soldiers, diplomats, traders do not go. They are on talking terms with the remotest races of the world.

RARE linguists are only one of scores of experts not usually associated with the winning of wars, now mobilised among the 80,000 Reserved Brains on the Register.

As cards in the index are turned over you come to zoologists.

Nobody readily connects zoology with war, yet this official "Zoo's Who" connects zoologists with pest destruction, a vital occupation in the Field.

Sandbags, for one thing, are harbingers of fleas and other vermin, and if you've any doubt about the attraction of front-line trenches for vermin, ask any old soldier who found it "Not So Quiet" at nights on the Western Front.

Doctor specialists are needed. Some, with the high knowledge of respiration, will be useful if Hitler uses his poison gases.

Nervous system experts are ready for "shell-shock."

Psychologists are already dispensing "child guidance" for difficult children who have been sent to evacuated reception areas.

Out-of-the-ordinary chemists are grappling with the problems of food, drink, sugar, starch, animal and vegetable oils, fats and waxes, soap and glycerine, now assuming new importance either in feeding our bodies or guns.

Some of them, working wonders with "cement and building materials," find plenty to do behind the Maginot Line.

Botanists are indexed in plenty.

Some people laughed when they were put on the list of Reserved Occupations.

Yet these men know a lot about soil, and growing food.

Artists and architects are needed to help with camouflage. It's not always a matter of paint. Sometimes shape and structure matter more than colour.

Eight classes of veterinary surgeons are indexed to deal with animal problems.

Cypher officers are already having the busiest days and nights of their lives.

Fire loss assessors will be useful if incendiary bombs are ever dropped by Heinkels and Dorniers.

Business management comes under eight classes in the index.

Not only does the Government want big business brains in such departments as the Ministries of Food and Supply, but big business, overwhelmed by the demands of war work, wants them.

"You want the best brains, we have them," adds the woman official.

THE Register's motto is, "We find the men for jobs, and not the jobs for the men."

It does not search Government departments for vacancies, but has its 80,000 experts listed for when Whitehall asks for one of them.

Thousands have already been provided. And every employer in the country and the Empire has open to him the Central Register.

The greatest Brains Trust of all time, it will "stay put" to play its part in winning Peace.

GRIN and BEAR IT! ----- By Oliver PLUSH

THOUGHT for the week: It takes all sorts to make a world. But if only it hadn't taken so many sorts to make this world. Say, just one less. . . .

Roll Out the Goering...

You Try It

We tried out a new game at the local the other night to brighten the black-out and take our minds off things. We called it "Resemblances."

It started when Wilks said I reminded him of a toad.

Smith said Goering resembled a Zeppelin.

Brown said Goebbels resembled a dormouse.

Jones said Ribbentrop resembled a water-rat after an eye-test.

Robinson said that, apart from the Black Plague, Monday morning, backing three losers, having your mother-in-law to stay with you for a month, Birmingham on a wet early-closing day, stomach ache, seaside landladies, Whitstable any wet day, stomach ache a second time, castor oil, Whitstable any fine day, fifteen scorpions, sixteen polecats and Whitstable, Hitler didn't really resemble anything.

So we gave up worrying about it and had a long argument as to who had pinched my beer.

More About Adolf

A bloke, writing a biography of the Principal Pest, published last week by Wimpole, Barkingcreek and Mutt, under the title, "The Greeks Had a Word for Him," says: "The first time I met this Hitler he was lying on a red settee."

There you are!

What have I always said?

He can't tell the truth any place.

And More

"You men grouse, but what could you do if there were no women?"

"Say what we really think about Adolf."

My Encyclopaedia

No. 1.—BLACK-OUT: This is a pastime invented to kid the Germans that Essex is the West Coast of Scotland.

People in Essex and the West Coast of Scotland are frightfully insulted about this.

In London and some places it is played with lights on the tops of long poles. This is sometimes known as the "starlight gambit," and is done to kid the people who live in London and some places that they really are in London and some places. This is called a "foul."

Negroes are about the best at this pastime, because when there is a black out in the black-out you can't tell whether there is a black out in the black-out or not.

The tools required for the game are nine yards of dark material which cannot be obtained, the skin of a torch which can, and the guts of a torch which cannot. This is called a no-ball and the players start all over again.

The object of the game is to get to the local. This is called a goal.

The present holder of the black-out belt for Britain is James Strawberry Twirp, of Lesser Trembling, Shrop., who has fallen off the pavement in the dark 3,741 times since the outbreak of war. But then, he had had a lot of practice in the light for ten years before.

Gone for Ever

One of my spies in Government circles tells me that the authorities are so sick with James Thingummyname, who escaped from Dartmoor three times running (get me?) this winter, that they've cooked his goose properly this time and had him put where he'll stay put.

They've had him filed at the Ministry of Information.

Come Out, that Boy!

Now, children—pay attention. Arithmetic.

1. Three times Stalin and a pain in the neck are Hitler.

2. Twice Hitler are Satan.

3. And now for a simple sum. Take three Stalins, multiply by Hitler, multiply by Satan, add one Scotch Sunday and divide by five hundred.

Answer: One boil.

For Beginners

I asked a chap about this economy.

He said that to save railway fares I should walk. Then, to save shoe leather, stop at home and suck an orange. Then, to save rent, leave home.

I said, Yes, but what if I don't like oranges?

He said the answer's a lemon, which saves oranges.

So what?

Little Pome

Wilkins has a microscope
In brass, so neatly fashioned,
And Wilkins uses microscope
And doesn't know he's rationed.

Song over.

Answers to Correspondents

"K. K. (Oswaldtwistle)." — The correct version of the quotation to which you refer is as follows: "I am mighty tough. My heart is a heart of iron, my outside a shell of steel. No man shall fall upon me and hope to win." It comes from the well-known book, "Confessions of a Nazi's Pie."

"Puzzled (Walthamstow)" writes: "If the war lasts for three years and you know what they said last time me being in a reserved occupation on top of that digging my own land and helping the good cause producing my own food what will the position be and me not in a reserved occupation if it lasts longer same as last time because who can tell? And where do I apply?"

Always happy to hear from you, "Puzzled (Walthamstow)." Yes, you are right. It was Sir Rowland Hill who invented the Rocket.

"Satisfied (Scunthorpe)."—"What is a fuehrer?" How do you mean? What is a fuehrer when? Write again, giving dates.

And, I say, old pal—anybody who's satisfied in Scunthorpe is.

Tail-Piece

You can't go by looks. Or Himmler would have gone.

We've Got Two Tails

Economy note.

Had a stitch in my side yesterday. This saved nine.

We've all got to do our bit.

OLD BILL and SON

By Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, I don't mind it, mate. Whenever I gets fed up, I thinks of Poland, Finland and Czechoslovakia, or Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Rumania

Through Other Eyes!

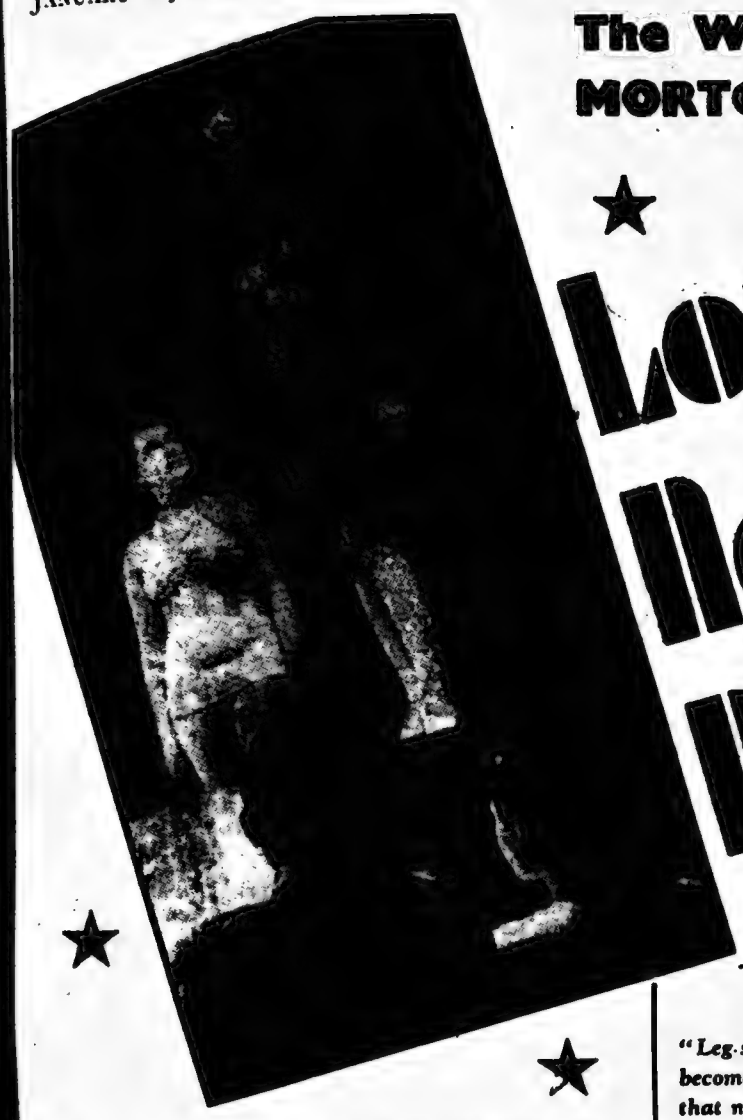
MORE THAN PERFECT

"Captain they are looking for the gun you had camouflaged yesterday."

—*La Caravane, Cairo.*

The West End is "wide open," says RICHARD MORTON in the first of three articles on . . .

London's Naughty Night-Life



LIKE cats' eyes against a velvet backcloth the torches twinkle in the black-out. Big Ben has boomed the last echoing stroke of twelve. The B.B.C. has wished us all good-night. London sleeps. . . .

But under the empty pavements and high above them another world is stirring—the world of London's night-life, gayer, noisier, brighter and sexier than it has been since the heyday of the early 'twenties when Mrs. Meyrick was the reigning queen.

Soft lights are glowing, muted trumpets are wailing, bubbles are rising in tall-stemmed champagne glasses.

The fan-dancers and strip-teasers are getting busy. Glamorous red-heads croon intimate "blue" numbers with a blush in every other line.

London sleeps—with one bright eye very much awake!

I have been investigating London's war time night life, getting the low-down on what happens after midnight in that magic square mile of the West End bordered by Oxford Street and Charing Cross.

A FEW months ago there were forty bottle parties in this area. To-day there must be nearly a hundred.

New ones open every night. They are springing up like mushrooms in basements and roof-tops round and about Regent Street.

They range from swank establishments, where you can rub shoulders with Mayfair socialites and sit next to a belted earl or a Hollywood star, down to sordid, dim-lit rooms where crooks plan their "jobs" over cheap beer and half the fingerprints left on the glasses are on record at Scotland Yard!

I have visited every type. The Ritzy rendezvous of the rich and famous, the "clip" joints out to reap a golden harvest from men home on leave, and the "queer" establishments catering for perverts—peroxide-blond young men and Eton-cropped young women in severe tailor-mades.

Wearing white tie and tails, I have been whisked swiftly and silently to a deep-carpeted pent-house fairyland where knee-breeched flunkeys expect at least half-a-crown for minding your hat, and where the food and music are superb.

And in a lounge suit I have submitted to suspicious scrutiny through a sliding grille in a door at the end of a dirty passage, before giving half-a-crown for admittance to a smoky basement where I paid twenty-five shillings a bottle for watered whisky.

I have danced on a glass floor, subtly lit from beneath, to one of the best bands in Town, and I have shuffled round on a minute square of worn linoleum at one corner of which a shabby, weary-looking young man strummed an ancient piano.

I have seen the city's night-life from every angle, and I could take you to a dozen spots where you can see everything—and more—that Paris, New York or anywhere has to offer.

"Leg-shows" have become so daring that now they are nearly nude-shows

The plain truth is that London is wide-open—if you know your way around. Under the gloomy camouflage of the black-out, its night-life blazes more brightly than ever before.

When they took me down New York's famous 52nd Street for the first time to hear Eddie sing "Virgin Sturgeon" and the rest of his naughty ditties at Leon and Eddie's, and to see the nude dancer next door, I was amazed.

"London has nothing like this," I told them.

That was three years ago. To-day things are different. Fifty-Second Street has nothing on London now. Nor, for that matter, has the Rue Pigalle.

Ordinary leg-shows for cabaret are almost as out of date as a hansom cab. The bottle party customers want something infinitely more daring to hold their attention at 3 a.m., which is the hour when most of the floor shows begin. They expect some sensation like the lovely dancer who wears three twinkling stars and nothing else, or like the fan-dancer whose fan is sometimes a fraction of a second late!

In some establishments—not all, mark you—a straight song won't stop the conversation. The patron who pays thirty-five shillings for his bottle of champagne and a couple of pounds to the highly decorative hostess who shares his table likes something suggestive with a double meaning to every quip.

In Harlem I was embarrassed when they put the spotlight on my table while a big, bold-eyed coloured girl sang straight at me a number that bordered upon the obscene.

In London last week, at one of the less reputable bottle parties, I heard the same song sung in the same way—by a husky-voiced brunette who did not look much more than seventeen.

That's the sort of thing customers love—and pay for.

These nights—or early mornings, I should say—the clubs and bottle parties are packed with uniforms, khaki and Air Force blue mostly.

The Navy doesn't seem to step out so much. Perhaps they've seen life in strange ports already!

YOUNG officers out for a thrill, for the "kick" that comes from defeating the law by drinking until dawn, and for a spot of excitement before they go to France, are sending the profits rocketing to a golden record.

No wonder that proprietors, rubbing their hands in glee, are falling over themselves to open up branches—in the same street, perhaps even next door!

Like bookmakers you will never find them admitting that the game is good. They'll swamp you with figures, dismal totals of high overheads for bands, cabaret and rent.

But there is still a nice profit left in the till after the last customer has gone and the waiters are clearing away the empty glasses.

There must be. Last year club and bottle party proprietors paid £10,000 in fines and still kept going!

And, remember, that was before the dawn of their new prosperity in an era which looks like supplanting the "Naughty Nineties" as the "Naughty Forties"!

Night after night, West End establishments are packed. There are luxurious and perfectly-run spots like the Paradise, El Morocco, and the Coconut Grove . . . and there are less respectable haunts.

At El Morocco, for instance, where the bill for two bands and a first-class cabaret is in the region of £400 a week, probably half the "guests"—admission, no matter how famous your name or face, is strictly by invitation only—are in Debrett.

When I was there, one of the richest young men in Mayfair was dancing in battle dress. His partner was a young debutante whose picture is rarely missing from the smart Society weeklies.

This type of bottle party, where the wine, food, music and floor-show rival those at the most exclusive hotel, is beyond criticism.

The places that should be closed are the less well-known haunts of which I shall tell you more later.

In these dives young girls of fifteen and sixteen may be among the powdered and painted "hostesses," helping to sell cheap liquor at extortionate prices.

At least a dozen such resorts, out to fleece soldiers and other unwary visitors, have opened since the beginning of the year.

But they are not likely to enjoy a very long run, for new recruits are being added to the Yard's "Evening Dress Squad" in preparation for a series of raids on the Soho back-streets.

NEXT WEEK: The Truth About Night Club Hostesses.

Cheetham's Darby and Joan

"Greatest of These"

DARBY and Joan, a happy, aged couple, living comfortably, clinging together as though still inspired by young love, symbolic of perfect home life. It's a picture from which even cynics can derive pleasurable sentiment, but the other side of that picture is etched with the bitterness of misery.

Darby and Joan, poverty-stricken, struggling against insurmountable odds, beset by unhappiness. Surely there is nobody with a soul so dead that he can ignore the plight of such people!

Yet there are many aged couples, trying to exist on old age pensions, always battling with the problem of finding heat and nourishment in the bitterness of a severe winter when prices are soaring.

And without warmth and nourishment old people soon fall ill.

Imagine the difficulties of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gillard, of Cheetham, Manchester, who are now in such a plight, having reached old age after struggling all their lives only to find that the world seems to have no place for them.

Mr. Gillard, an ex-Serviceman, is described as "honest, sober and dependable." He and his wife need your help. Please send a donation, earmarked "Privation," or for our General Fund, to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application. We gratefully acknowledge 5s. from C. H. (Blackburn).

Stop the Ration Racketeers!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

FOOD RAIDERS' SECRET WEB

BUTTER, bacon and sugar are now the Big Business of the underworld. Since rationing started, fifty lorries, most of them loaded with these foodstuffs, were either raided or stolen in various parts of the country in one day.

And no wonder.

Although receivers rarely pay more than 10 per cent. of the value for jewellery, furs and similar loot, they are handing over twice as much, and sometimes more, for rationed commodities, and they are eager for all they can get.

Several gangs are at work, but the police are convinced that two or three master mind "fences" are behind an elaborate organisation with secret depots for disposing of the food to dishonest tradesmen.

In this way the food reaches the contemptible cads, who are ready to pay fancy prices to satisfy their greed.

A campaign to destroy these ration ghouls has been started by Scotland Yard and Chief Constables everywhere. They will be assisted by ex-Chief Inspector William Barker, who retired from Scotland Yard not long ago.

Mr. Barker, nick-named "Sherlock" because of his likeness to the popular conception of Conan Doyle's detective, has joined the Food Ministry.

His chief job will be to find profiteers, but he also hopes to tackle some ration thieves.

Some lairs have already been discovered.

Large stocks of butter, bacon and sugar found in a garage raided recently had been stolen from Thames wharves. More stolen food was found in disused warehouses off the Romford Road and at Wapping.

No arrests have yet been made, but a particular gang of crooks is suspected. It is thought that they also were responsible for a daring robbery at the store of Payne and Sons, meat importers, in Earlham Street, Holborn, London.

A large lorry drove up during "black-out" hours, and the few passers-by who saw men loading it did not for a moment imagine that they were other than ordinary workmen. Next morning it was discovered that ninety carcases of sheep and about sixty cases of dressed poultry had been stolen.

Thieves using a lorry in the same way took all the butter, bacon and sugar they could find in a big warehouse at Shepherd's Bush. They also plundered other foodstuffs.

Apart from these night raids on stores and warehouses, fully laden lorries, left unattended for a few minutes, are hi-jacked. They are abandoned when the contents have been safely hidden.

An indication that big "fences" (receivers) are backing this alarming piracy is given by the fact that already this year more than £20,000 worth of stolen food has apparently been disposed of quickly in London.

One elderly man suspected is cleverer than the proverbial bag of monkeys.

For more than a quarter of a century the police have been almost certain that he is a flourishing receiver, but they have never been able to secure sufficient evidence to arrest him. He is now being watched closely.

Another suspect is an alien who acquired British nationality, and was trapped and jailed for his part in a vast produce fraud some years ago.

Chief blame rests on persons who are eager to buy this illicit food. Without them the whole racket would fizzle out.

Ex-Chief Inspector W. Barker

Watch 'em

C. J. PICKERING, alias British Travel Association, is broadcasting a duplicated letter stating that publication of the 1940-41 edition of one of his publications has been suspended through the international situation.

Unless he hears to the contrary, he will assume that instructions for an advertisement will be carried forward for the 1941-42 issue.

Go on with your assumptions, Mr. Pickering, but you will have a big shock in a Court of Law if you attempt to enforce contract obtained by such impudent methods.

I am advising all my correspondents to ignore your letter.

* * *

Charmed, I'm Sure

SECRET of winning football pool prizes, success in business, and even in love, is claimed for a so-called Eastern charm offered for 2s. by A. Dawn, of George-street, Hull.

It is the usual nonsense, scarcely worth noticing except for the insidious suggestion that it will make an excellent gift to "a dear one serving in the Forces."

* * *

Think Again, Bertie!

AMBULANCE-CHASER A. G. Bertie, calling himself the United Claims Association, of Bartletts Buildings, Holborn, London, has had the impudence to advertise "vacancies" for reporters.

Those replying were told that all that was needed was the name and address of each person injured in the streets, and, if possible, the name of the hospital to which he was taken!

He'll have to think of something else. No journalist is likely to help him fool people over any compensation to which they may be entitled.

Public Benefactor

MR. A. G. MICHIE, of Victoria Crescent, Alnwick, Northumberland, secures this week's £1 1s. for detecting a ramp in a new guise.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address to me at 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I Don't Like This Pool Club

"HERE'S colossal impudence, for they say nothing about what they owe me from last year," declares one of the many readers who have sent me literature received from The New Paramount Pool Sharing Club, of Faulkner Street, Manchester.

Adding the words "The New" does not alter the fact that this is the concern about which I warned you last year.

Many people who then expected substantial dividends were fobbed off with such trifling amounts as 1s. 6d. It is indeed impudence to send the latest flamboyant pamphlets to these same persons.

"Your Share in Over 5,000 Penny Pool Entries for only 2s. a week" is one slogan. Another is headed, "Last Season's Huge Dividends!!" Below is a table showing large amounts paid out in the chief football pools, but the wording suggests that they are the dividends of the Paramount Club.

Much is made of "a £10,000 Guarantee of Fidelity" covering private persons making the entries for the club, and their possible disqualification should it be discovered by a Pool firm that they are acting for the club.

Excuse for the small payment last year was that one big Pool firm refused to pay a dividend of about £300 because the entry had been made for a club that touts for members. That is the attitude of a number of the chief firms.

Beyond the statement on the pamphlet, what proof is there of the existence of the much vaunted "£10,000 Guarantee" to cover this contingency?

Those asked to join this Club should keep their money in their pockets.

Who Will Save Them?

WITH 300,000 idle craftsmen drawing unemployment pay, the building industry is in despair. Its plight is a problem that the Government must be compelled to tackle without delay, especially as there are so many experts ready to show the way.

The all-too-easy excuse that private building is too expensive in war time cannot be accepted in the blank form it has been offered.

Manufacture of war materials must come first, but that does not mean that a great section of industry should be entirely damped down.

The President of the Royal Institute of British Architects says there are large surpluses of building equipment.

Surely it should be possible to continue with a considerable amount of public building which was disgracefully overdue before war started. Unemployment relief being paid to the 300,000 operatives who are longing for work would go a long way to meeting the cost.

If this is ruled out, the valuable skill of these men should be at once diverted to work that is of urgent national importance.

Men such as this find it agony to line up at the labour exchanges. Three of them came to JOHN BULL office this week as a deputation from scores of their comrades in one London district. They are desperate.

The Prime Minister did invite a Sir Connop Guthrie to undertake a continuous review of the industry in October. Three months have gone by and the position has merely become worse.

Nothing short of the immediate appointment of a Controller of Building is likely to sort out the muddle that has spread from one end of the country to the other.

Sensible co-ordination obtained in this way could put every builder in the land in useful employment within a few weeks.

Parliament must insist that it is done.

Just Try It, Mr. Herbert!

THAT despicable scoundrel H. J. Herbert, managing director of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., of Oxford Street, London, is at it again.

His victim is a small tradesman in the Home Counties, so badly hit that he does not earn enough money to pay his rent.

Caught by the fraudulent misrepresentations of one of Herbert's travellers, he has for years been paying rent for a trumpery advertising frame worth a matter of shillings.

He has already become indebted for over £20, and instalments on a Court order being in arrears, Herbert threatens him.

"We shall," he says, "be making a search through the Courts, and if you are still in arrears we shall have no alternative but to apply to the Court for Leave to Proceed."

To Herbert I say: "Have you ever heard of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1939? You very soon will if you attempt to carry out your threat."

Perturbed by the war time boom in marriage, registrars offer a word of warning to those who say:

Let's Get Married Now!

These two know their own minds—but some other couples leap before they look

CUPID—always busy when there's a war on—is working overtime.

Marriage statistics just coming to hand show that in the last three months he has been busier than in any quarter during the Great War, which provided the biggest marriage boom in history.

In unromantic "vital statistics," Scotland has just reported the biggest marriage rate since the institution of registration in 1855.

Half of England has already reported the same.

Over Christmas and New Year, most of the London registrars were working till six every night, two hours after dark—and this despite the popular belief that "happy is the bride the sun shines on."

Remembering that marriage is good for the community, we ought to feel pleased about it. But is Cupid being wild with his shooting, as he was last time?

LET us look at some of these new war romances and see.

Consider, first, these cases given to JOHN BULL by four London registrars:

No. 1: "A mother came to my office to stop the wedding of a girl of 17—not that it could have taken place without her permission, unless a Court sanctioned it.

"That girl was playing with dolls and dolls' houses when this war broke out. Her interests were as childish as when she was ten. She had never had a boy, even in a schoolgirlish way.

"Yet she was declaring her intention of marrying a widower of 33—an aircraftman, and no doubt quite a decent fellow—whom she had known six days."

No. 2: "A girl turned up to give notice of marriage.

"Who to? Oh, to Larry. His surname? Oh, she didn't know that would be wanted until the actual ceremony. And she hadn't got it, anyway.

"She had only known him a week, and the night before he had proposed and asked her to go along to the register office to 'fix things up.'"

No. 3: "I interviewed a young soldier of 19 who was seeking to marry a widow of 41. Some marriages of this kind may turn out happily, but the chances must be small when, as in this case, they have only known each other three weeks.

"It is staggering how many men round 20 are seeking to marry women of 30 or more."

No. 4: "A girl of 21 asked her sailor husband-to-be in the register office: 'Have you been married before, Wilf? I didn't bother to ask you before.' Then, to me: 'You see, we didn't meet till his last leave, and we've had no chance to be together since then.'"

Talking to these registrars, it is easy to see that they are genuinely alarmed about this marriage boom.

MANY of the bridegrooms are young men who are on the verge of being called up. And it is quite natural, they say, that young couples who are quite certain of each other, and quite certain of their mutual love, should hasten their wedding day in such circumstances.

But in many cases it seems obvious to any looker-on that the young woman, already tired of a two or three years' engagement made necessary by the young man's means, has applied the screw.

Many of these engagements would have fizzled out if there had been no war—and deserved to fizzle out. But the young man can no longer plead lack of means.

As the girl says, she can keep her job and bank the separation allowance. Anyhow, everybody is expecting them to marry.

There is the reverse case—although it is not so frequent—of the impetuous young man rushing some girl who is far from feeling sure of herself to the altar or register office.

FACED with his ultimatum: "If you put me off now, when I'm joining the Army, I shall look round for somebody else," she gives half-willing agreement . . .

Registrars don't like those matches in which the girl had never seen a boy out of uniform—or in the civilian surroundings which, unless he is a professional soldier, are normal.

The same may be said of the young man who marries a girl in uniform.

Unions of this kind are apt to end in disillusionment.

There have been many marriages of men in the Services with girls in the Services, and a large number of them, no doubt, will turn out happily. But, if one can judge from the last war, many more of them will not.

One man who is very worried by these problems and the hundreds of endless variations of them is the Rev. S. Price, of Holy Trinity Church, Sheffield.

He is no fogy. He is 38, and very modern in outlook. He admires the courage of the young people who are going along to get married with little guarantee as to the future.

But, in this city of eight war-weddings an hour, he remembers those terrible divorce lists that followed the last war. He fears that another welter of heartbreak and misery will follow this new boom in rushed marriages.

He asks the couples who want to marry to go along and have a word with him. He seeks no more than to give them a word of advice based on experience they may not have. And they are at liberty to think what they like about that advice.

All around us are happy marriages that began twenty years and more ago as war-weddings. Army, Navy and Air Force are largely made up of the children of those marriages. Hundreds of thousands of those men will return, when the war is over, to supremely happy homes.

BUT the biggest-marriage-boom-ever of the last war resulted in the biggest divorce boom ever. The biggest boom in police court separations, too.

The percentage of failures was three times higher in the case of those war time marriages.

WHAT is more, one of the biggest social problems of the last twenty years has been the problem of the children of marriages that ceased to be real marriages when the war ended.

They have stood in police courts in their scores of thousands to hear themselves discussed as social problems:—

"No father's (or mother's) care, my lord . . . A victim of an unfortunate war-marriage."

Cupid ruined many lives with his erratic aim last time.

We must try to improve his marksmanship this time.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-Out Bus

Butter or Guns —Not Both!

FARES, please; fare, please! . . . Glad you spoke, Guv'nor, 'cos if it 'adn't been for that there white collar of yours, I'd 'ave missed you altogether. . . . You're a pardre, ain't you? A bishop? . . . Oh, beg your pardon, me Lord, but I couldn't spot the little apron in the black-out. . . .

You wouldn't be Dr. Barnes by any chance? . . . Well, fancy that! I've been longing to 'ave a word wiv you ever since I 'eard you was in favour of sending food to the Jerries. . . .

Oh no; I ain't vindictive, but I certingly wouldn't pass on no bloomin' rations to them Nazis. They're fighting us, an' I can't see the sense of 'elping them to fight us on a full stomach!

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Yus, you can quote texts, I grant you, but, if you'll pardon me saying so, I've always 'eard the devil could do that when it suited 'is book. . . . "If thine enemy 'unger, feed 'im," sez you, but do you fink that means feed 'im when 'e doesn't 'ave any reason to go short?

Long before the war started, didn't old Goering go round Germany bellowing: "Guns before butter"? You believe 'e did, eh? . . . Very well, then, if them poor dumb square 'eads would 'ave guns before they wos our enemies, why the . . . Heligoland Bight should we send 'em butter nah? Specially when we're rationed ourselves!

Nobody's going to lead us up the garden this time

No, no, me Lord: it's all very well you saying we're not fighting the German people . . . I know we ain't. I know 'arf of 'em must have seen through Goering, fat as 'e is. But, just the same for that, the German people are fighting us, and will do so until they stop shahting "'Eil 'Itler!" See wot I mean?

They don't 'ave to starve. If they'd only kick the Nazis aht, they could 'ave peace and plenty "toodesweet," as the French madmoiselles used to say in the last war.

Meanwhile, we've got quite a few people going pretty near 'ungry 'ere at 'ome. I'll bet you've got some dahn Birmingham way yourself, me Lord. . . . Old Age Pensioners, f'rinstance, and poor chaps aht of work an' their women an' kids? . . . They aren't enemies, I know, but 'as anybody fought of letting them 'ave a bit of extra grub?

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An' there's anuvver fing which p'raps you've forgotten. It ain't anyfing much; only that 'Itler and 'is mob of cut-throats is doing their darndest to starve us. There's a war on, ain't there? . . . Well, wots the good of being sorry for the other bloke when you're both fighting for your blinking lives?

More than once in the old days, me Lord, I thought you spoke a lot of sense. I ain't one of those wot objects to Bishops talking politics. Quite the contrary, 'cos it seems to me practical religion 'as got to consider politics.

But I'm dead against you this time. The blockade is 'elping us to win this war, and, the sooner we do win it, the sooner all Europe, including Germany, can scrap its 'orrid guns and get back to a decent butter ration again.

★

They do say that Goering and Goebbels and all that bunch of beauties are still looking after themselves pretty 'andsomely, 'aving lobsters and wot not.

They won't go 'ungry, no matter wot 'appens. And wot I says is, it will be time enough to send food to plain old Fritz and 'is Frau when they wake up to the fact that their bloomin' Leader 'as been leading them straight up the garden.

And until that 'appens, you can take it from me, me Lord, nobody's going to lead us up the garden to give 'em a 'elping 'and. Not likely! We'll feed our enemies all right, but first the blighters 'ave got to stop fighting. Anyway, that's wot I fink.

Hostages to Fortune

Argue it Out! by PALLAS

I REMEMBER the wave of fear that swept over the little industrial town when it was announced that the local shipyard was closing down.

It was a good shipyard.

Its sturdy vessels, manned by stout men, sailed the seven seas. It had given work to good men, craftsmen of great skill whose pride in building good ships was as deep as the pride of the crews manning them.

Keen-eyed platers, steady-handed riveters, caulkers, riggers, fitters and draughtsmen were laid off. They settled down for the weary, soul-destroying wait for better times.

As far as that shipyard was concerned, the better times did not arrive. Its stocks were pulled down, its plant dismantled.

The acres near the river that once rang to the clang of steel plates and the rattle of shearing machines, are a barren waste to-day, mute reproach to the folly and stupidity of man.

Many of the workers, whose eyes used to glow as the beautiful ships went sliding off the stocks into the water of the river, never worked again.

They had lost their heritage, the right to create ships, the right to use hand and brain, and above all, it seemed, the right to live.

An old story! Yet it came back to me with passionate insistence when I read the will of the man who closed that shipyard.

He left a considerable fortune. Since the buzzers wailed a last farewell to his workers he had lived in comfort for many years.

As far as I know—and I may be unkind to his memory—he made no real effort to reopen his shipyard, and bring to hundreds of families the hope that only work and wages can bring.

The men he turned adrift made his wealth.

Their skill, their craftsmanship, their labour were the things that enabled him to live on in his well-appointed house while despair mounted in the hearts of those who had served him so well.

He had a duty towards those men, and the day he closed his yard he failed in that duty.

What right had he to sentence good men to idleness, to years of mental and physical decay, when he had made such good provision for himself?

Even at the cost of part of his fortune he might have survived the lean times and saved his workers a lot of misery.

To-day that "yard" might have been working at full pressure turning out ships that are vital to the successful waging of the war we are pledged to win.

EVEN if he failed, his conscience would have been clear.

He would have fulfilled the duty that wealth and position had imposed on him.

Unhappily that employer was not alone in his determination to safeguard his own interests.

Industrial England can tell many similar tales of men who forgot their workers and left their furnaces, their factories, their engineering shops to rot rather than throw their personal possessions into the fight against adversity and bad trade.

Wealth made *for* them, not *by* them, had blinded them to their obligations.

They betrayed a trust that all employers have in common, that the welfare of many workers should come before the desire to hang on to fortunes built up by the industry of others.

In the eyes of local big-wigs, the man who closed the shipyard was a good man, a man of eminent respectability, a regular churchgoer, a man just in his views if limited in his outlook.

And yet . . . and yet . . .

Britain's A.R.P. Generals, No. 2—Sir Warren Fisher

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Once the perfect Civil Servant, he has now got into the habit of saying things . . .

SIR WARREN FISHER is not only Civil Defence Commissioner for the North-Western Region, and as such almost a war-time dictator over millions of industrialists, but also he is a self-appointed defender of Britain's A.R.P. workers, 1,500,000 of them!

Several times he has spoken in their defence when they have been attacked by people who, had air raids happened "according to plan," would have been eager to seek their aid.

"They are called drones because Hitler has been late in his programme," said Sir Warren. "Don't discourage A.R.P. workers. They haven't been tested yet. One day, you may know . . ."

Once the Perfect Civil Servant, Sir Warren has got into the habit of saying things since he left Whitehall.

WHEN reading them you would not believe that, from 1930 till last October, he was head of the Treasury, the Man Behind the Budget.

Fancy, the man who had almost impersonated Bureaucracy urging that, to win the war, "People should put aside self-interest and self-importance.

"There should be freedom from prejudice in the selection and training of men," he said. "If we do all that, we shall find the right men turning up.

"It would help us to shorten the war because we wouldn't be interfered with by foolish, self-important people."

Declaring that our democracy is far from perfect, Fisher demanded that we should resolve to make it so.

"It implies great social changes," he said, "a levelling in Society, and a redistribution of economic power. Unless we mean this when we say we are fighting for democracy—and many still do not—the Nazi and Mr. Molotoff have at least some reason for their jibes."

This came from a high-placed Civil Servant who, educated at Winchester and New College, once had his name on the Treasury notes!

He has gone further.

He has even said: "Britain needs real economic planning to win this war. That means, not twenty different Ministers all acting independently, but a unified direction under a Minister qualified to unify.

"Although we start with an advantage, our resources are not so immeasurably superior to the other side's that we can afford to misuse them."

He announced as recently as late December that "There will be a war-time Grand National at Aintree.

"I had trouble with gloomy authorities in London about getting some horse-racing," he added. "But it has opened already at Manchester and Haydock, and we are going to have the Grand National."

Oliver Stanley, then President of the Board of Trade, but now War Secretary by grace of Neville, was bitter in his reply. Apparently he felt he was being criticised.

"Sir Warren is behaving like a gamekeeper turned poacher," he said.

This remark was badly received by Socialists and Liberals, who cheered when Mr. Amery, the Diehard, gave a sound rebuke from Stanley's own camp.

Ernest Brown uttered such a loud "Hear hear," after Stanley's sneer at Warren Fisher, that the whole House, with the exception of the Front Treasury Bench, stared him out of countenance.

When Oliver Stanley tried to save things by saying that Sir Warren Fisher's words reminded him of "a notable rhyme about the insect to which, in polite society, we scarcely ever refer," the House emitted one loud groan.

HE was referring to Swift's lines:—

"Great fleas have lesser fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so ad infinitum."

Well, I am all for those who, in these days of Ultra-Officialdom, are checking the bureaucrats wanting more and more control all the time.

The boy Warren did not show much sign of ever becoming the Man Behind the Budget.

Once, an aunt put six hoops on the ground in a row, with a bit of stick in front of them.

"What do you see there?" she asked.

Instead of saying a million, he said, "A hell of a lot of hoops."

Apparently it is that suppressed irreverence that is now coming out.

Although he entered the Civil Service as a clerk with only £2 15s. a week in 1903—by passing the ordinary entrance examination — he was promoted more quickly than any other man in the service. Before long he had top job.

He showed amazing powers of concentration, and he always had reserves of endurance on which he could call.

He was handling about **£1,000,000,000** a year at the end of his Whitehall career. His own salary was **£3,500**, more than enough for his modest flat in Marylebone and the cigarettes which were his constant indulgence in his late hours at home, even though he never smoked at work.

He has always believed in "the liberty of the subject."

"The citizen has a right . . ." is a phrase he has often quoted in Committee.

He could have earned many times his salary in industry. He gave of his powers, as do scores of others, most unselfishly to the State.

When the Foreign Office insisted on creating an Economic Section, Sir Warren told them they couldn't.

THEY defied him. There was a first-class "scrap."

"All right," he said. "Get it going, but, if you do, I'll reduce your staff by the number you employ in the new section."

This made Foreign Office officials wonder!

"Would *I* have to go?" they asked, individually.

Then they gave in, deciding not to risk their jobs.

While still busy as Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, Fisher was one of three picked in 1937 to enquire into charges of inefficiency in civil aviation.

But he was dropped.

The Prime Minister was persuaded not only by the Opposition but also by members of his own party, that, because Imperial Airways received money from public funds, a permanent official of a spending department shouldn't function on a committee of investigation.

When he left the Treasury, there were rumours that Sir Warren would enter the City. Many jobs waited for him. A high banking post was mentioned. Anyhow, he didn't go.

A war was on.

So they made him a Civil Defence Chief. He has certainly made things hum at Manchester.

His office is his home. He snatches food when not at vital conferences with military, A.R.P. and municipal authorities. He plugs a telephone to his bed when he retires and keeps on with the job.

He is, like the humblest A.R.P. worker, always "waiting."

The Gunmen at Bay!

—with not a friend in the world

Without Fear or Favour

BY THE EDITOR

FOR reasons best known to themselves, many public men have been warning us just lately that, at any moment, this smouldering war may flare into savage wrath.

Perhaps it will; perhaps not.

In any case, the majority of the level-headed British public is well aware that the Nazis are the world's dirtiest fighters—with the possible exception of their Russian "comrades" and pupils.

It follows clearly that they may resort to large-scale "frightfulness" at any time. What has restrained them hitherto is the fear that it won't pay. Until they think it will pay, or until they become so desperate as to take a desperate risk, there will be no massed air attack upon Britain and France.

We ourselves take the view that the Allies are able now, and will be still better able as time goes on, to defend themselves successfully against attack from the air and to counter it with deadly effect.

But we do not minimise the risk of its occurrence. If that risk has latterly increased, it is because the enemy is growing more and more perturbed by our relentless blockade.

The fact is that Hitler and his gunmen are now at bay. For the first time in their infamous careers they are faced by armed citizens who won't put up their hands.

Britain and France paid tribute to their "racket" far too long. Even if the Nazis had never invaded Poland, we should still have been forced sooner or later, to take up arms against them.

We had to fight or else resign ourselves—with all the rest of Europe—to being bled white.

Though Hitler has specialised in the war of nerves, there is nothing new in his diabolical strategy.

It is familiar to all the enemies of society. It is nothing more or less than the attempt to extort tribute by the perpetual threat of villainy and violence.

Stalin has simply taken a leaf out of Hitler's book. He saw his chance to "muscle in" when the bigger gangster had his hands full.

He invaded Poland after the Poles were beaten, and then forced his smaller neighbours to pay for his abominable "protection."

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Finland refused to pay, and, by her magnificent stand she has put new heart into the neutral world and shaken the confidence of the gangster Powers.

No country, great or small, is to be blamed for keeping out of this war if it can, but all countries that still love freedom must know that we are fighting their battles as well as our own.

They do know it, and yet they still make futile protests at our alleged infringements of their peace-time privileges!

Actually none of the neutrals, not excepting the United States, really expects the Allies to fight Hitlerism in kid gloves.

Holland, for instance, may complain at our insistence upon the right to seize cargoes going to or from Germany, no matter what flag is flown by the ship that carries them.

But Holland is perfectly well aware that the harshest inconvenience of the Allied blockade is as nothing to the stark wickedness of Germany's repeated sinking of her unarmed merchantmen.

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And the Americas, claiming as their own preserve a belt of sea three hundred miles wide, are equally well aware that it would be impossible for us to accept their fantastic limitations.

Let that pass. We do not complain of any neutral action, but the time may come when some at least of the neutrals will have to screw their courage to the sticking point and follow Finland's lead in defying the gangster Powers.

We believe that time is now approaching.

Holland and Belgium, faced by the insolent threat of Nazi troops massing on their very frontiers, have already declared that they will fight together to resist any invasion.

Hitler was thinking of invading the Low Countries last November, and then thought better of it. Now his troops are building a close wire fence all along that border with a view, it would seem, to extending the Siegfried Line to the coast.

In that case, they are building nothing but a prison wall.

Sweden's Prime Minister has said boldly, "We need no orders from abroad concerning our relations with Finland."

And, just as the Belgians and the Dutch are prepared to fight the Nazi gunmen if they pass from threat to action, so the Swedes and the Norwegians are ready to fight the gangster troops of Stalin if he attempts invasion.

Unmistakably the attitude of the smaller neutrals everywhere is hardening against aggression.

In Eastern Europe, where the situation is more complex than in the West, the Franco-British pacts with Turkey give pause to the Bolsheviks; and Italy, making common cause with Hungary for her own reasons, gives no less pause to the Nazis.

The gunmen of Europe, we repeat, are cornered and at bay.

Be thankful that so far things have been so quiet on the Western front.

Be thankful that we do not need to break into Germany, however much Hitler and his villainous crew may one day need to break out.

"We look forward to the day," said Mr. Ronald Cross, junior Minister of Economic Warfare, "when we shall so have strangled Germany's economic life that she can no longer sustain her war effort."

For our economic war is deadlier than any war of nerves.

In rather under five months the blockade has reduced Germany to much the same straits that she was in after two years of the last war.

And Hitler, the big boss of the Nazi gang, can see no way to escape the doom which he himself predicted as the inevitable sequel to any deal with Russia.

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Stalin can give him no important help, and the Greater Reich itself has become nothing but a trap for the rats that still infest it.

Time, whatever may have been said to the contrary, is no longer neutral; it is the chief ally of the Western Powers.

A grimmer phase of warfare may, indeed, be approaching, but we have no need to fear it.

For there is no offensive which Germany can launch to-day with any hope of success. Gamelin and Gort are prepared to meet attack from any quarter.

Hitler may bluster and threaten louder than ever. We have long since ceased to pay him attention, and the neutral world, still fearing his ruthless villainy, is obviously less fearful of his waning power.

In fact, the war of nerves has collapsed. Germany has lost it. It is her turn now to know the meaning of fear. She has not a friend in the world, and with every week her situation must become more desperate.

For this reason, and for no other, Hitler—shown up now as a leader bankrupt of all the great qualities of leadership—may attempt what other cornered gangsters have attempted before him.

He may try to break the cordon. He may try to shoot his way out of the trap.

We cannot prevent his frenzy, but Germany herself may do so.

Whether she does or not, Britain and France are ready to shoot it out.

Tell 'John Bull' About it!

WILL SCOTT *introduces a dual personality that meant double trouble*

PECULIAR POVERTY

Romance came late in the unruffled life of the peculiar Mr. Persin, and it certainly shook his routine

THE first overcoat I made for Mr. Persin cost three guineas. The next time he wanted a better one. He went to four guineas. Then to five. And then to six.

The same with suits.

He went up and up.

You'd only to look at him to tell that business was bouncing.

Funny, the way you judge men.

Mr. Persin's bank manager would look at the balance mounting to his credit. His neighbours would look at the bigger and yet bigger houses to which he moved. I could tell just by the clothes he bought from me.

But that was all I knew about him for years. That and his name and address. He lived in one of those little towns on the coast, about two hours out of town.

That was all I wanted to know.

I wasn't really interested, because he didn't seem to me to be a very interesting man.

He came in perhaps twice a year, bought what he wanted, paid for it and went away. And that was that. Out of sight, out of mind.

But that wasn't quite so.

HE wasn't what you could call out of sight for any length of time. You see, my establishment looks down on the yard of the big terminus, and often in the summer about half-past five, and nearly every Saturday afternoon at ten past one, I'd see him on his way into the station to catch his train to the coast.

Not that there was any great thrill in that.

A rather dull sort of man, Mr. Persin. A colourless sort of man. A kept-under sort of man. *Henpecked* was the word I had in mind for years. I didn't know till afterwards that he wasn't married. Not then.

He looked *most* married, if you know what I mean.

Well, you can't keep on making clothes for a man for ten years or more without getting to know something about him in the end, and I did get to know something about Mr. Persin.

Nothing of the slightest importance. Merely that business was booming and that he meant to retire when he was fifty.

"No slogging in old age for me," he said. "I'm going to spend the afternoon as well as the evening of my days in my little place by the sea. I shall be fifty in the summer of 1939. Then finish. I don't work for the business. The business works for me."

That was very nice, of course, but *I* didn't care.

WELL, the next interesting (if you can call it interesting) thing that happened in connection with Mr. Persin happened about two years ago. Rather less.

I was looking out of my window one Saturday afternoon when I saw him hurrying across the station yard to his train, carrying a bunch of daffodils!

And I suppose that was interesting, happening to *him*.

I remember thinking, "Hallo!"

Well, the next Saturday there he was again with another bunch of flowers. And the Saturday after that. And after that every Saturday for months and months.

I could have bet on it that romance had come late into the life of Mr. Persin. And if I *had* bet on it I'd have won.

Because one Saturday afternoon last March he came into my establishment and ordered the complete rig-out for the blushing bridegroom.

"I'm getting married the first week in April," he told me.

I CONGRATULATED him and we started talking.

"And in June," he said, "I close down. I shall be fifty. Time to stop and enjoy myself. Just a few more weeks to wind up—then freedom. She's a widow," he added suddenly, as if it mattered to me.

Well, I made his outfit for him, and he faded away as usual. I remember looking for him on the first Saturday afternoon in April, but he wasn't there for the first time for years. He was not there on the following Saturday, but on the Saturday after that he turned up again—this time without his bunch of flowers.

"Settling down to it!" I thought.

In a way, I reckoned I was going to miss him when he got his business wound up in June. Not that he was much, but he was something, and, after all, I had been watching him from my window for years and years.

He was a customer, too. I wondered whether I should keep his custom when he was retired and no longer coming to London regularly.

But I soon forgot all about him, and I might never have given him another thought for the rest of my life if I hadn't suddenly caught sight of him, one Saturday in early August, hurrying for his train as usual.

"What's this mean?" I wondered. "I thought he was going to retire in June. Perhaps he's up for the day."

But he wasn't. I saw him several evenings during the following week, and the next Saturday as well, and many a time after that.

"Can't have retired, after all," I decided.

Well, the war came along in September, and I'd other things to think about. What with the black-out and the general depression and the falling-off of business there was no room in my mind for a colourless little man like Mr. Persin

And then, one afternoon towards the end of October, he walked into my establishment to order a new overcoat.

"And very glad to see you I am, Mr. Persin," I said. "I was beginning to wonder if I'd lost you."

"OH, no," said he. "Oh, no—I should always come here."

I got out some patterns.

"Now, there's a nice one," I said, turning it to the light. "Seven guineas. Of course, you know, prices are rising."

"H'm," said Mr. Persin. "Ye—es. . . . Have you, perhaps, something a little cheaper?"

"Certainly," said I.

I brought down another selection.

"What about these? Five guineas."

"Well, as a matter of fact, it's rather more than—er. . . ."

I waited. What else could I do? He'd been one of my best customers for years.

"You see, it's the war," he explained. "Business goes to bits."

"So you weren't able to retire?" said I.

He made a grimace. He didn't have to say anything after that.

"Of course, even in these times we've got to keep up appearances," I reminded him.

"Ah, yes," said he. "This overcoat I've got will do that. I want a new one—a cheap one—to wear down at home to—er—to save this one."

(*Continued on page 22*)

Footwear to *fit* the Feet

—is the first line in civil defence says H.L.S.

Wartime means extra work for feet. Correctly-fitting "Wearra" Shoes put pleasure into walking, being made in narrow, medium and wide fittings on the American principle.

"Wearra" Shoes are in three smart styles, in black or tan. Only the finest leathers are used; strongly constructed, elegant; equal to the strain of war work yet ideal for the city office.

It's well worth while to go to a shop selling "Wearra" Shoes.

THREE WIDTHS IN EVERY SIZE

Manufacturers: JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. Irthlingborough, Northants.

Wearra MULTIPLE FITTING SHOES FOR MEN

Keep on Smiling—the Odol Smile

Pack up your troubles and Smile! The Odol Smile! The Odol Smile is the *winning* smile, in more ways than one. The flash of pearly teeth between parted lips conquers all hearts and defeats depression. So keep on smiling—and safeguard your smile with Odol.

This fine, smooth tooth-paste is a sure protection against damage to the vital coating of enamel which alone prevents decay because it cannot scratch or scour.

Get Odol—and glory in the security of your Odol Smile.

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Odol

If you prefer Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin.

"Chief defence against an unlovely complexion is daily care with Pond's Creams"

says LADY CAROLYN HOWARD

Analysis of LADY CAROLYN HOWARD'S **features**

(1) *Shape of Face:* Youthfully rounded with beautifully marked, tapering brows.
(2) *Nose:* Small, straight, delicately formed, without a single trace of enlarged pores or blackheads.
(3) *Mouth:* Finely shaped, with full sensitive lips. No lines at the corners.
(4) *Eyes:* Large expressive, deep green in colour. No lines to mar the smooth perfection of the very white eyelids.
(5) *Chin:* Softly curved with exquisitely smooth, creamy skin.
(6) *Hair:* Thick, wavy, of a glorious dark auburn shade.

Lady Carolyn Howard's complexion has the creamy smoothness of alabaster, in dramatic contrast to the wonderful glowing auburn of her hair. Yet the only care she gives this unusually lovely complexion is a few minutes' daily "grooming" with Pond's Creams.

"I need nothing more," she says. "Pond's Creams do so much to keep skin smooth."

Pond's Creams can do as much for your complexion as they have for Lady Carolyn's! Their effect is truly marvellous. Big pores close up. Blackheads vanish. Fresh, healthy, glowing colour replaces former sallowness and dullness. Shrunken under-tissues fill out so that ugly little lines and wrinkles are smoothed away. Almost from the very first, your complexion takes on new smoothness, softness and a lovely look of youthfulness.

Try these creams yourself! Every night cleanse your skin thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream and use it also as a skin-food. In the morning, before you make up, apply a fine film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will smooth and soften your skin marvellously, and make your powder cling for hours.

Pond's Creams are sold in tubes handy for travelling as well as in the usual jars. Ask for them today.

LADY CAROLYN HOWARD, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is one of the loveliest of the many young Society women engaged in war-work. She is an Auxiliary driver. Lady Carolyn is extremely enthusiastic about Pond's Creams. "I started using them long before the war," she says, "and was really amazed at their splendid effect on my skin. They have made it much softer and finer."

The OLIVE OIL in PALMOLIVE soothes and refreshes

This is to remind you *why* 20,000 beauty specialists consistently recommend Palmolive soap, the olive oil soap. Olive oil, nature's kindest, most thorough cleanser and beautifier combined, is generously used in the making of Palmolive. Thousands of beautiful women today know this — you can tell by their radiantly fresh complexions. Has your complexion the schoolgirl clearness that only Palmolive can keep for you through the years?

"IT'S HARD TO FEED A BIG FAMILY ON 28/- A WEEK"

SAYS MRS. COLEMAN OF SURBITON, SURREY

LOOK HOW MRS. COLEMAN EKES OUT HER WEEK'S MONEY

	£	s.	d.
Rent		8	0
Coal Club		1	0
Insurance		4	1
Clothing Club		2	0
Gas		2	0
Electricity		2	0
Food	1	8	0
Husband's expenses		5	0
Sundries		1	11
	£2	14	0

Mrs. Coleman is now sure that all her family get more good out of their meals since she found that

ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION

"IT'S a real problem, feeding a family," said Mrs. Coleman, "and especially in the cold weather. My hubby comes home at night so hungry he can't wait to get at his food. The children are about as bad as their Dad, too!

"But we get along all right. Our rent is very reasonable, and as far as the food goes — well, I have Rowntree's Cocoa to help me along with that. You see, I've found that Rowntree's is not only nourishing itself but also helps them to digest the food they eat with it. This means their food does them more good and goes further, too!"

The youngsters are building a place of their own! And Ronnie, Peggy and baby Bob look as happy doing it as Mum does in the other picture!

★ ★ ★

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly and with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals — put on *extra* bone and muscle.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA has a lovely, rich chocolaty flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup — that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Remember this, too: Rowntree's is "pre-digested," so when taken before bed, it not only provides a warming drink, but also helps your supper to "go down better." Digestive troubles can't disturb your sleep.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

3-Minute Mystery

"I'd expected to hear a much better story than that," said the Captain severely

Hi-Jacked in the Night

CAPTAIN JOHN CONNOLLY of the Army Intelligence examined the cotton-wool pad that Colonel Swift had dropped on his desk. It was still wet with ether.

"That might prove a clue of some sort," said the Colonel. "I hope it does! We must find the man who hi-jacked that truck within 48 hours. It was carrying replacement parts for a secret gun, and we must not take any risk."

"Exactly what happened?"

"The truck was due in here at nine o'clock last night, and when it didn't turn up we telephoned the contractors. Then we sent out search parties. There was no sign of it

"TEN minutes ago—at 8.47 to be precise—the driver arrived with an empty truck.

"He was attacked, and chloroformed with that pad of cotton-wool, a little after eight last night.

"When he regained consciousness this morning, he was in a small clearing. His truck was empty!

"*You've got to find those parts, Connolly!*"

"I'll see the driver right away," said Connolly. "He may be able to give me a lead."

A few minutes later he was talking to the civilian driver.

"Tell me," he asked. "How did you come to be attacked last night? Were you pulled up on the road?"

"After I'd left Brentash, a fellow hailed me and asked for a lift. There didn't seem to be any harm in it, and as I was feeling rather lonely, I picked him up.

"As we were getting in to Holmeswood, he suddenly slapped a pad of some sort over my mouth and nose and drugged me. When I came to in the wood the pad of cotton-wool was lying beside me on the front seat."

"Would you know this fellow again?"

"I DON'T know about that. It was rather dark, and I didn't take a lot of notice of him."

"How tall was he?"

"Oh, somewhere about five feet seven."

"Was he dark?"

"N—o—o. More between colours, I'd say."

"Anything else you remember?"

"I'm afraid not."

"That's a pity. I'd expected to hear a much better story. You're under arrest on a charge of being concerned in the theft of Government property! What did you do with those gun-parts?".

WHY DID CONNOLLY ARREST THE TRUCK DRIVER?

(See page 30.)

CONTINUING

Will Scott's Short Story

Well, I was able, since he *had* been one of my best customers for years, to do him a good five-guinea cloth at three-and-a-half guineas, but, to my amazement, he turned it down.

"It looks too good," he said. "I mean for these times. I mean——"

But what he did mean he didn't say.

In the end I was able to suit him with a three-guinea cloth which looked like a three-guinea cloth, and he said he would come in for a fitting in a week's time.

He took out his wallet.

"I've moved to a smaller house since business went to bits," he said. "You'd better have my new address."

And he gave me his card.

He'd been gone about ten minutes when I found his wallet. I didn't know it was his. I wondered whose it was and where it had come from. I opened it to see if there was a clue inside.

And there was!

Banknotes for seventy pounds and a cheque for five hundred made out to Mr. Persin!

He came back presently and asked if I'd seen his wallet anywhere. Tactfully I said "No," and then we found it where he'd left it, and he went away satisfied.

ABOUT the end of November I was standing waiting for my 'bus outside Justinio's at eight o'clock one evening. The blackout was at its worst and you couldn't even see Justinio's.

But I heard the circular doors squeak behind me, and two men came out and stood three feet from me, saying goodbye.

And did I sniff!

If those cigars had cost a penny they had cost three or four shillings each at the very least.

"Well, many thanks for the dinner," said one of the men. "You've done me proud. I'll remember it."

"Not at all," replied the other voice. "Delighted to have had your company."

The second voice was the voice of Mr. Persin!

Mr. Persin, his business gone to bits, unable to retire because of the war, standing dinners . . . *with* four-shilling cigars . . . at Justinio's, where the price of one dinner would keep me in dinners for a month.

"Can he be twins, or am I going mad?" I thought. "Broke to the wide down in his little home town and throwing it away in London!"

"Can I give you a lift?" I heard him say. "I'm taking a cab to the station."

He hailed a taxi, got in and drove off.

And I went on waiting for my 'bus. "If this isn't just a real mystery!" I said to myself.

Of the several things which the war did to me one was to put me on an evacuation committee and in the New Year I had the job of going down to superintend a concert for one of our parties that had been evacuated to Mr. Persin's little home town on the coast.

It kept me there all night, and the next morning I thought I'd walk out to Mr. Persin's place on the chance that he might be at home.

IT was a very small and cheap-looking house, and when I rang the bell the door was opened by a determined-looking woman of forty-five or so.

"Is Mr. Persin in?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I'm Mrs. Persin. What do you want?"

"I thought I'd call, since I was in the town," I said.

"Who are you?" she wanted to know.

I explained.

"Come in," she said.

It was more than an invitation. I found myself inside before I could think.

She sat down opposite me.

Then she started.

Had I known her husband long? How long had I known him? Had I been in the town before? Had I ever visited him before? Had he expected me?

Did I know that he had to go up to London to earn his living every day? Had I called expecting food? Did I know that they were in reduced circumstances? Did I know that he used to be very well off?

Did I know that he was going to retire? Did I know that he would probably never be able to retire now? Did I know that he had suffered very severe business losses, owing to the war?

Did I know that he had to travel third class now, after all these years?

I began to perspire. It was like being in a witness-box. Just one long, long, long string of questions.

"When did you see my husband last?"

"He came in for an overcoat——"

"Was that the three-guinea one?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you seen him since?"

"No."

Why had I called now? Did I say he wasn't expecting me? Why this? Why that? Why the other thing?

I got away at last!

Yes, and if I was married to one like that *I* couldn't retire and live with it all day either. Rather pretend the business was going to bits and travel up to town every day until I was ninety-nine.

Race with 'Silver Ring'

SPORT under National Hunt rules has been restricted through the Clerk of the Weather severely pruning the already short list of war time fixtures.

My sympathy is with those who desire more 'chasing fixtures, but not if such fixtures could be made only at the expense of meetings on the flat.

Racing under Jockey Club rules is more important than the cross-country sport. It is the racecourse test that determines the value and merits of young bloodstock, and thus provides the vital link in the vast industry of thoroughbred breeding.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The code for this week covers racing from Thursday, January 25, to Wednesday, January 31.

R B T F 94 M P Q C 93 98 A K X U Z
H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E V D

In place of the letter or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: RMYCTIX would read HOPLITE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. IMO296MG would read TOMMAOK.

NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT SLEEP SHOWS WHY SOME PEOPLE SUFFER FROM WAR-TIME STRAIN MORE THAN OTHERS

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

MOST PEOPLE think that when they're asleep their mind is at rest. This is not always true. In times of exceptional strain like these, more and more people's brains and nerves go on worrying all night even though the body is asleep. And that simple fact explains why the war has added so greatly to the burden of those who suffer from "nerves," tiredness and run-down condition.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that all people belong to one of 3 Sleep Groups—1st Group, 2nd Group, 3rd Group.

If you belong to the 1st Sleep Group, your brain and nerves rest perfectly as well as your body. But if you belong to the 2nd or 3rd Sleep Group, your brain and nerves are *activated* all night by the body's excess acid waste products which accumulate in the blood. You wake still tired every morning — feel "nervy," fagged out.

After experimenting with many foods and drinks, doctors found that Horlicks alone, taken at bedtime, counteracts completely these excess acid waste products. Horlicks thus guards against Night Starvation and gives you 1st Group Sleep.

Take Horlicks regularly every night and see how much better you feel all day.

★ ★ ★

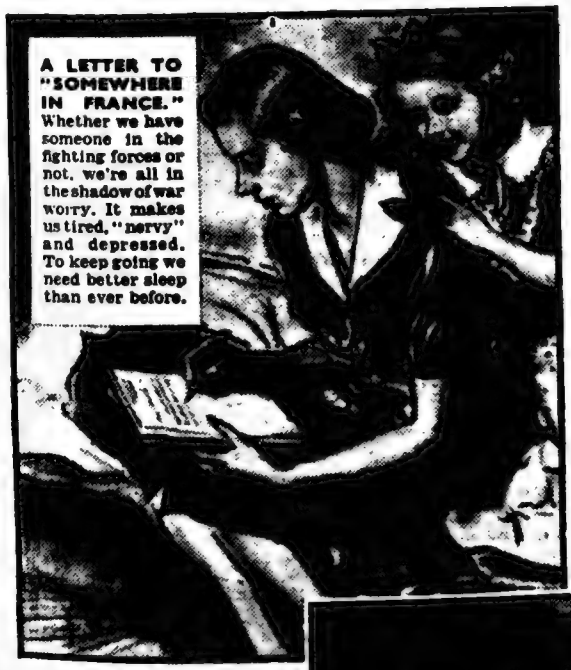
HORLICKS A COMPLETE FOOD

Horlicks is not a drug. It is a well-balanced, nourishing food with the milk already in it. Just mix with water. Prices from 2/- at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

3rd SLEEP GROUP
Bad sleepers, people who find it hard to go to sleep, or people who wake tired in the morning, belong to this Group. This kind of sleep drains the physical, nervous and mental powers. The cause is excess acid waste products in the blood at night—*activating* brain and nerves. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

2nd SLEEP GROUP
People in this Group seem to sleep well enough, yet they lack energy during the day. They get tired easily, feel "nervy," run-down. They can't concentrate. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 3, to a slightly lesser degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition — ensures 1st Group Sleep.

1st SLEEP GROUP
People in this Group sleep perfectly. Even though they get only 5 or 6 hours in bed, they have plenty of energy during the day. They are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. They get that completely refreshing 1st Group Sleep which everybody should have and that Horlicks alone gives.



A LETTER TO "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE." Whether we have someone in the fighting forces or not, we're all in the shadow of war worry. It makes us tired, "nervy" and depressed. To keep going we need better sleep than ever before.

KNITTING BEE. They're making sweaters for the boys of the B.E.F. To mothers and wives, each in her own way, the war has brought a great burden of strain and anxiety. No wonder you get so tired and "nervy," feel so washed out. There's only one real help — to get 1st Group Sleep every night.

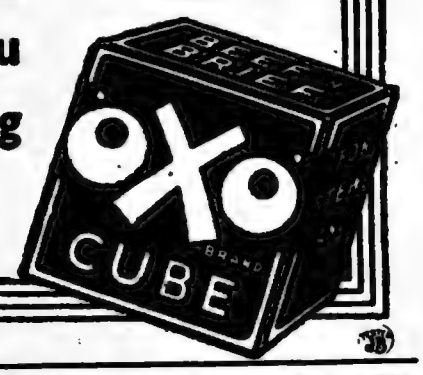
DOCTORS KNOW BEST OF ALL what a strain the war is putting upon men and women everywhere. People find themselves unaccountably tired. Nerves are taxed. Anxiety plagues us. More than ever the right kind of sleep is vital.

HORLICKS at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

The Perfect Food Reserve

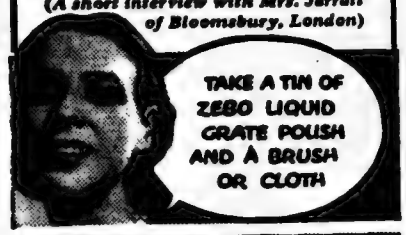
OXO

Now, more than ever, it is necessary to keep a few extra Oxo cubes in the larder. The extra nourishment Oxo gives stimulates and fortifies you in these trying times.



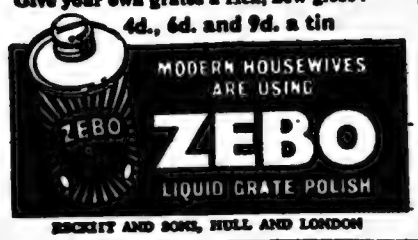
"CLEAN GRATES this easy way"

(A short interview with Mrs. Jarratt of Bloomsbury, London)



AN occasional rub over with Zebo will keep your grates shining all the week round. And Zebo is *economical*—you'll be surprised to find how long a tin will last. That's because the Zebo cap prevents it from drying up—you can use it to the last drop. Why not get a tin of Zebo from your dealer today? Give your own grates a rich, new gloss!

4d., 6d. and 9d. a tin



RECKITT AND SONS, HULL AND LONDON

HOW TO BRIGHTEN "BLACK-OUTS"

Mr. Everyman has found an interesting new way to spend long "Black-Out" evenings, and, incidentally, he now turns every spare minute into spare cash. See "MAKE EXTRA MONEY" on Page 3 and send COUPON for details of the modern Treasure Chest.

TRUST
Snowfire Tablet
TO KEEP HANDS FREE FROM CHAPS

HUMANISTS PAGE

What Would *You* Tell this Girl?

DEAR HUMANIST,—I am obsessed by the idea that I must inevitably suffer bad luck. For a year I have had nothing but reverses. I have lost everything I hold dear.

"My father died after a lingering illness. My *fiancé* deserted me after four years of courtship. My best friend broke up my holiday plans at the last minute.

"In the whole year, I did not have a minute's happiness as compensation for what I suffered. Although at times I almost gave up in despair, I never completely lost hope that happiness would return again.

"Yet at the beginning of the year, I find that my luck has not changed.

"I have tried desperately hard to renew my interest in things, but I cannot concentrate. My mind wanders back, vainly trying to solve my problems.

"How can I make friends and gain more confidence in myself, and will that it is good to be alive?

"We are very poor, but even poverty should not prevent my enjoying that which is worth while in life!"

That girl is worth knowing.

She has something to give to others as well as to receive.

If she will only cast off her misgivings as one flings off winter clothes on a fine spring morning, she will find plenty of people eager for her company.

Yet she is making herself believe that her bad luck is inevitable. She must disabuse her mind of the idea that she is under an evil spell.

It would be a sad mistake to waste her years in solitude and heartburning. Tell me what you think she should do.

HUMANIST invites you to seek his advice when you are perplexed. Address your problem to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. He pays a guinea for each letter published on this page.

She Loved Too Much

"I married a man with no vices, but can anyone imagine what it is like to live with a man who is just so plain cold that he can be stirred neither to anger nor to passion? . . . I lie night after night, staring into the darkness, wondering why he never shows any love for me."

SUCH is the beginning of a letter, full of sadness and deep misery, in which a young woman pours out a long story of woe, beginning with her repressed childhood, passing on to her unhappy married life, and ending with her falling in love with a man who really does show some appreciation of her.

"People tell me that I am pretty," she says, "and I could pick and choose in our village. But I loved only my husband then and I have tried in vain to be a good wife to him.

"I've cried more than any other person of my age over my failure to make him love me."

And now the other man has come into her life. He loves her so passionately that her conscience is deeply troubled.

Everlasting damnation is to be her portion hereafter, she says, because, like Mary Magdalen, she has loved too much.

Her fears of hell fires are created mainly by her terrible childhood.

From babyhood she was reared by a devout grandmother on a lonely farm. The fear of hell was always drummed into her.

"If I was ill I was told to hurry up and get better or I should be put into a 'bury hole,'" she adds. "I used to listen to the old people shouting about hell fire at the prayer meetings.

"If I was naughty my grandfather used to tell me to look out or the devil would pounce on me one dark night.

"He also used to tell me terrible tales about ghosts, yet I had to go to bed without a light and I lay trembling and suffocating in the darkness.

"I never had any playmates, except animals, and I used to amuse myself holding prayer meetings. . . . My grandfather lived to be eighty-nine. He lived through illness after illness and was continually choosing the bearers for his funeral.

"I know now that I shall never go to heaven if I have to be like him.

"I feel doomed.

"Yet I have always been honest and have never told a lie.

"To my grandfather, I was always a right down wicked hussy. I used to powder. I curled my hair, and in my teens I started courting!"

SHE believes in Christianity, yet her chief impression of it is the certainty of punishment.

She seems to have missed the precious message of the forgiveness of sin.

She wonders whether I can offer a word of comfort!

I can offer hundreds!

She wonders whether I shall condemn her utterly, but who am I to cast the first stone?

Religion has joyful news for all sinners.

But if I don't stop I shall be preaching a sermon, and that is hardly my work.

Minding his Own Business

ALTHOUGH I have no influence with the Admiralty, I publish this letter not only because it may reach somebody in authority who may find a way to grant the young man's wishes, but also because it shows an admirable spirit.

"Eighteen months ago I joined the Navy," says the writer, "but I lost my right forearm in an accident and was discharged.

"I tried to make the best of it in peace time, but since the war began I have had a miserable existence. I would gladly give my other arm to get on board a naval vessel.

"I have tried in vain for a position in a hospital ship. Even though I have an artificial limb, I am sure I could give useful service.

"I have a good job, but I would leave it to-day if I could find myself among my pals at sea."

Another man, faced with a different problem, asks me to advise him about spending his spare time and money.

He runs a 7-h.p. car.

"I do it not because I am well off, but because I prefer motoring to any other form of amusement," he says.

"I am a teetotaler, a moderate smoker, and have a wife and a couple of children.

"My wife is industrious and rent is small.

"We can just manage to afford the car.

"But we live in a village where everybody knows everybody else's business, and I am told that I am unpatriotic.

"I fail to see that I am helping the country by letting the car stand idle.

"I cannot use it more than twice a week (on my half-day and at week-end), and it certainly gives pleasure to the family as well as to myself.

"I should be interested to know your opinion."

If this man spent his spare money in drinking whisky or going to the cinema there would be no criticism.

There is a tax on spirits and another on entertainment, but there is a tax on the car and another on the petrol.

Why shouldn't the man support the Government in his own way?

Surely it is the man's own business to decide whether he shall enjoy driving instead of letting the car waste.

To make this perfectly

you must use BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

Delicious JAM ROLY-POLY

8 oz. plain flour — 4 oz. suet
½ teaspoon salt — Cold water to mix
1 rounded teaspoon Borwick's

Shred suet finely. Add flour, salt and Borwick's. Mix to dough with water. Roll out oblong. Spread with jam, leaving edges clear. Damp edges and roll up. Put in floured cloth, tie at each end. Drop in boiling water and boil 2 hours

SAVES EGGS. SAVES FAT

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

2D/40

This delicious CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

BROOKLAX

Reg. Brand

Banishes CONSTIPATION Overnight

It is British!

2d 6d 1/3

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

At Last! An Easy Way to Banish Misery of Catarrh.

No mess, no bother—in ten seconds you can use these new Vick drops and get at the trouble right in the nose, the way doctors do. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. *Feel* it spreading through the hidden passages, clearing away clogging mucus, shrinking swollen membranes, draining the sinuses. Your nose is cool and clear. You can breathe again! Tests by doctors show that used at the first sneeze, Vick-Vatronol even *prevents* many colds.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick," 209, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1

VICK-VATRONOL BRAND NASAL MEDICAMENT

FEELING "CHESTY"? Get a ZUBE

PERSIL *now even better!*

WHITENESS NOW WHITER THAN EVER!

WASHING EVEN EASIER THAN BEFORE!

You just shake enough new Persil on to the water to give a rich foamy lather when you swish with your hand.

Heaps of lather makes new Persil the ideal washer for silks, coloureds, woollens — everything!

Whichever way you wash—boil, soak, or non-boil—this new Persil will give even better results. And whatever you wash—your weekly whites, fragile coloureds, lamb-like woollens—new Persil will treat it so gently.

Do try new Persil at once. Try its wonderful whiteness—now whiter than ever. Try it, and prove for yourself what 14,000 women have proved in advance in secret tests—that new Persil is better, easier, quicker than ever before in all its famous history.

PERSIL—
better-than-ever oxygen washer

PER 752-66-60

Makes rinsing quicker — more thorough, too. That's why your wash is so white and bright.

Tense Farewells *Evacuation* *Food Problems* *Money Worries*

WOMEN'S STRUGGLE TO KEEP GOING

Is wartime slowly sapping your vitality? Almost every woman is in real need of a wartime pick-me-up, something to safeguard her health and nerves and give her extra resistance. It is dangerous to get into an over-tired and over-strained condition. Start to fortify yourself now with Wincarnis, the quick-action tonic which starts to build up your stamina from the very first cheering sip that you take. Wincarnis pours iron, rich beef and malt extracts and two kinds of vitamins into your system. Wincarnis, the most famous restorative tonic wine, is backed by 26,000 medical recommendations.

FEELING ALMOST ILL WITH TIREDNESS AND STRAIN

Wonderfully revived and strengthened **IN ONE MINUTE** *after a glass of Wincarnis*

Health is priceless

WINCARNIS

Costs only 6/6 & 3/9

I like CAPENSIS TOILET PAPER

because it is so specially soft

300 SHEETS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE & CRINKLED FOR EXTRA SOFTNESS

Truly amazing value is offered in Capensis Toilet Rolls. Three hundred sheets of paper, guaranteed pure and specially crinkled for extra softness . . . all for three pennies. Next time you are buying toilet paper ask for CAPENSIS—the *big* toilet roll for the *thrifty* household.

CAPENSIS

Made only by The British Patent Perforated Paper Co., Ltd., Hackney Wick, E.9.

FACTS and freedom

It has been said that every war begins where the last left off. Lessons are not forgotten. And it can fairly be admitted that beer is playing the beneficial part in *this* war that some would have denied it in the last.

"There is evidence," asserts one of the greatest doctors in this country, "that beer is a valuable food."

"Beer is a food," says another, "that contains the two elements which furnish energy and repair the human body — carbohydrates and proteins."

Beer is essential to the agricultural labourer and the heavy worker, authorities repeat.

"Beer is a valuable addition to war-time diet." Because of its appetising and digestive qualities — you get greater value from the foods with which you drink it.

More than dietitians welcome beer's place in this war. The Chancellor aims to gather to the National Exchequer £95,000,000 a year in beer duties! . . .

But there is another fact for which beer is valued in this war. *Beer brings us the cheerfulness which will win.* In the pub Britain holds the liberty which she is defending. We don't drink beer only because it's good for us. We drink it — *because we like it!* Stick to Beer!

To Stop FLATULENCE in 5 minutes

take, after meals, a little

'Bisurated' Magnesia

For the Stomach

Get a 6D. Trial Tin (24 Tablets)

Quick—one dose stops pain.
Sure—never fails to relieve; prescribed by doctors everywhere.
Economical — Large sizes, 1/3d. and 2/6d., even more economical than the 6d. size.

Voice of the People

A FEW years ago, two boys were together at Arnold's, famous North Country public school.

One was a lofty prefect, the other his humble fag.

The same young men are together again, in a Northumberland regiment.

The lofty prefect is a private, the humble fag is his commanding officer. —S. N. A., Carlisle.

It's the War

WE all suffer in some way through the war, but we sacrifice gladly when we are convinced that it is inevitable.

Some people are making the war an excuse for sheer dilatoriness, carelessness and laziness. Make any complaint and they'll say, "It's the war."

They forget Dean Swift's warning that an excuse is a lie guarded.

When a certain stock article was forwarded by a firm seven weeks late, I was told "It's the war."

When the parcel arrived it was incorrectly addressed.

"It's the war," said the firm, again by way of excuse.—A. H., Redington-road, Higher Compton, Plymouth.

Saved Their Lives

WHEN my son accidentally shot himself, the local A.R.P. first-aid post wardens provided treatment while a trained nurse and an ambulance were coming to his assistance.

Peter Warr, another youngster, fell off a tree on to a cane that penetrated beneath the shoulder and came out through the neck.

This same first-aid post undoubtedly saved his life.

So I don't want *all* first-aid stations to be judged by the one described in JOHN BULL recently, that refused treatment to an injured man because he wasn't an air-raid victim.—Mrs. W. Stacey, Timberley-lane, Vange, Pitsea.

LETTER REFERRED TO BROUGHT THIRTY-SEVEN REPLIES. THIRTY-SIX PAID TRIBUTE TO THESE POSTS. THE OTHER GAVE ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF REFUSED TREATMENT.

Who Goes There?

ON night duty at a big Government factory, I cannot reach my work until I have passed several military guards.

If you are challenged by a sentry, listen carefully to his instructions and no harm can come to you.

One gives the order, "Halt! Who goes there?"

On the response "Friend," he says, "Stand fast and be recognised."

Another replies to the word "Friend" with "Step forward and be recognised."

I see great danger in this.

A man used to standing fast might continue to do so, and be treated as a spy.

Surely there should be uniformity.—S. F. (address withheld for obvious reasons).

THE ARMY REGARDS BOTH ORDERS AS NECESSARY.

IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES IT IS BEST TO HALT A MAN IMMEDIATELY, IN OTHERS TO ASK HIM TO ADVANCE SO THAT THE SENTRY DOESN'T LEAVE HIS POST.

IF PEOPLE KEEP COOL ON BEING CHALLENGED AND LISTEN CAREFULLY TO INSTRUCTIONS, NO HARM CAN COME TO THEM.

Wedding Record

I HAVE just been married. It was a war wedding, with my husband in uniform, and a complete gramophone record was taken of the ceremony.

Difficulties may arise, troubles may come, but our record remains to re-impart the sense of adventure experienced in the beginning by every married couple.

After the war, when we have settled down, it will enable us to recapture the thrill all over again.—Mrs. T. Hamilton, Grosvenor-road, Wallington, Surrey.

Tough "Aussie"

AS an Australian not long in Britain, I can explode the myth that this northern climate produces men of sterner stuff than our sunny Australia.

I am surrounded by friends who are hugging the fire, even though they are muffled in woollies.

They are all sneezing and snuffling.

I am wearing the same weight underclothing as when I left Melbourne. I don't want to sit near a fire, and I have a cold bath whenever I can.—"Aussie," St. George's-drive, S.W.1.

AUSTRALIAN MEMBER OF THIS STAFF WEARS HEAVIEST CLOTHING, SEIZES RADIATOR POSITIONS BY GALLIPOLI ONSLAUGHTS, SNEEZES LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.

Getting the Bird

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has twice recently called those citizens of the United States who can't see the dangers of dictatorships "American ostriches."

While welcoming censure of people with pro-Nazi sentiments, this is not fair to an intelligent bird that does *not* stand like a fool with its head buried in sand when there is danger about.

It uses powerful legs to run like the wind.

I could refer the President to an expert at Los Angeles, whose ostrich farm I have visited, to vouch for this.—John Proctor, 19, Tideswell-road, Shirley, near Croydon.

The Perfect Friend

THERE'S an old Arab saying which we should all remember now that the slightest leakage of information might imperil British lives.

"Do not tell a friend anything that you would conceal from an enemy," it says.

What you tell a friend may be told to another friend. It may go on and on, always to a new friend. One dangerous or even indiscreet person in the long, long chain, and the damage is done.—Miss Beryl Badenock, Abbotsford-place, Dundee.

This is YOUR PAGE—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The Sweetest Fruit

—By Richard Sudell—

ALTHOUGH most persons grow little more than a few bushes of black currants and gooseberries on allotments, there is always space for a few fruit trees and bushes in the back garden.

And if you are thinking of adding to your fruit trees, planting should be completed within a few days.

After the soil has been deeply dug and manured, lime should be applied, half a pound to the square yard, before plum trees are planted.

If planted carefully, two- or three-year-old trees will soon begin to yield.

Favoured plum varieties include Victoria, Czar and Pershore, while the common Mussel stock yields early fruit.

The bush type of tree with a clear stem is the most useful for the small garden.

It is the same with apples, especially the No. IX Malling stock, with its dwarf growth and early fruiting.

When space is limited, one or two apple trees should be planted in the front garden.

They are beautiful—and useful.

Among bush fruits, gooseberries, black, red and white currants are all quick-bearers, and, given good cultural conditions, they prove prolific.

They should be planted five feet apart each way to allow room for development.

For the first season, the ground between bushes can be devoted to a few rows of low-growing vegetables.

Blackberries and loganberries are best trained against fences or along wires. They may also be grown against buildings, trained on wire supports.

All fruit trees should be sprayed immediately with a tar oil wash to destroy many of the pests hibernating in the branches and under the bark.

Pruning should also be completed.

Established trees only need thinning. Cut out the old wood and weak growth crowding the centre of the trees or bushes.

Young, newly-planted trees need to have the young growths cut back to about half their length to a bud pointing away from the centre of the tree.

Use sharp secateurs and burn all prunings.

A tonic of fertiliser, lightly forked round fruit bushes and trees, will plump up flower buds and prepare trees for their annual crops.

Its Whiteness and Brightness make COBRA The Best

You'll find Cobra by far the brightest and quickest polish for Floors and Furniture. And being white, it never changes the original colour of wood or linoleum. Tins 3d., 6d. & larger sizes

Makers: Blyth & Platt Ltd., Watford.

CFES/1

Boiling of clothes is unnecessary nowadays

New method makes "whites" cleaner! Saves fuel! Helps clothes to wear better!

HERE'S news so good it's hard to believe, but it's true!

You need never again boil any part of your wash! Never again spend hours on that back-breaking work! Never again have the house filled with washday smell and steam!

There's a new Rinso method that actually gives you better results without any boiling, without any hard rubbing. There's no *hard* work at all—and yet your "whites" will be cleaner.

WASHING DONE 1½ HOURS EARLIER

You'll find you can get a snowy line of clothes out on the line *hours* earlier with this new Rinso method. A wash of 50 pieces can be finished 1½ hours earlier.

And think what you'll save on fuel! You'll save more than an hour's fuel every washday! That's money saved.

BOILING "SETS" DIRT IN FABRIC

This new method saves money in another way, too.

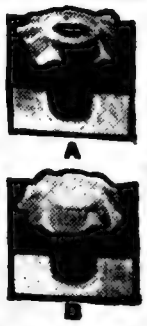
People used to believe that boiling made clothes white. It has now been proved that long boiling week after week "sets" the dirt in the fabric, gradually making "whites" greyish. Boiling also weakens the fabric and hard rubbing weakens the fabric still further. *In fact, actual tests prove that, when boiling and hard rubbing are stopped, clothes last a third as long again!* Think what a tremendous saving that is on sheets, towels, overalls, etc.!

Start saving by changing to this new no-boiling method *next washday!* Just a short soak in warm Rinso suds, a little dry Rinso smoothed on the grubby patches, and your whites will be snowy!

Remember, Rinso is pure. There's no bleach or harsh chemical of any kind in it. Your whole wash, from silk stockings to sheets, is safe in Rinso. Packets are 3½d., 6d., or 1/- (Giant) and you need nothing else.

OLD LONG-BOILING WAY

NEW METHOD: Sort out your ordinarily dirty whites and put them into the copper in cool Rinso suds. Let them soak for about a quarter of an hour while the suds warm up, then take them out. Now into the same suds put your extra-dirty whites. Damp any very grubby places and smooth in a little dry Rinso. Let this second batch soak for about twenty minutes while the suds continue to warm up. In this way you save at least half the fuel you ordinarily use. When you take the clothes out, the water will be hot—but not nearly boiling. Yet the clothes will be dazzling. *And the suds can then be used AGAIN for general cleaning.*



A

B

Scientific Proof

Ordinary washing suds have been passed through handkerchief A; Rinso suds have been passed through handkerchief B. Both lots of suds contained an equal amount of dirt. As you can see, the ordinary washing suds have left a deposit of dirt behind on handkerchief A; but Rinso has drawn all the dirt right through the fabric of handkerchief B, leaving none behind. When you wash clothes, the same thing happens. *None* of the dirt gets back on the clothes because none of the dirt escapes the Rinso suds. That's why boiling is not necessary with Rinso.

NO BOILING NOW WITH RINSO

B2887-364-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

Here is an announcement of importance to smokers

"Four Square tobacco contains no artificial flavouring. Being made from the best leaf, matured by time alone and manufactured in the good old fashioned way, it smokes cool and sweet to the bottom of the pipe. The sealed tins (1 oz., 2 oz. or 4 oz.) bring it to you in perfect condition."

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS		FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS	
Mixture (Green)	1/1½d oz	Cut Cake (Yellow)	1/2d oz
Curlies (Purple)	1/1½d oz	Ripe Brown (Brown)	1/2d oz
Mixture—Original (Blue)	1/5½d oz	Matured Virginia—Original (Red)	1/6d oz
„ —Medium Light (Blue)	1/5½d oz	„ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)	1/6d oz

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES: Standard size (Plain or cork-tipped): 20 for 1/2d

TOBACCO FOR THE TROOPS

DUTY FREE TOBACCO & CIGARETTES for the B.E.F., FRANCE. Parcels from 2/9. Ask your 'obacconist for details or write to:—George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

Take

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

for all

SKIN TROUBLES

THE *New* Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we willgladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

The Referee ran away from this world championship fight in a stable

Six-Gun Victory

"Back, you English ——, or I'll blow you apart," said a menacing voice and looking down Carney saw the long, grim barrel of a six-shooter

ON creaking, protesting hinges the heavy wood doors swung together. Bolts rattled, a key grated in the massive padlock to make all doubly secure, and then a dozen kerosene lamps, lit one by one, shed a pale radiance upon the strange tableau set within.

In the horse stalls, lining the walls of the straw-littered stable, there were fifty or sixty men.

Attention was focussed on a roped square in the centre of the stable, across which a startled hen scrambled in clucking panic as a stocky young man in blue ankle-length tights vaulted the ropes.

He stood smiling and nodding, and then, switching his mind to the business ahead, he walked to one corner and sat with folded arms, awaiting his challenger.

This was Jack McAuliffe.

Undefeated light-weight champion of the world, and darling of New York's Great White Way, he was in this stable in Revere, Massachusetts, to fight it out with the Britisher, Jem Carney.

Never has a world championship been decided in stranger circumstances.

The date was November 16, 1887, and the law frowned on prize-fighting.

McAuliffe had not long to wait. He had been in his corner for two minutes only when a hat came flying over the heads of the spectators to land in the centre of the ring.

This was the challenging gesture of the knuckle-fighting days by which Jem Carney signalled his approach.

HE ducked under the ropes and picked up his hat as he crossed to McAuliffe's corner. For a moment the two eyed each other. There was silence in the crowded stable.

Carney was the first to speak.

"They tell me you're a betting man, Jack," he said, resting his hands in their skin-tight gloves on his hips and smiling. "Well, I wager you five hundred dollars I beat you to-night."

The corners of the champion's grim mouth lifted in a half-smile.

He shook his head.

"No, Carney," he replied. "I'll not take you. I'm here to fight, not bet."

Strange to hear dark-haired, debonair Jack McAuliffe refuse to bet. He was the most reckless gambler to win fame in the ring.

He would fight for £1,000, big money in those days, and think nothing of staking the lot on a turn of the roulette wheel or a single hand of cards.

His spruce, immaculately groomed figure was familiar on all the race tracks, and he once set all Broadway talking when he put £10,000 on Dick Roche's horse Badge and watched it beaten by a short head without blinking.

Jack McAuliffe retired undefeated.

He never lost a fight. Perhaps it would be better to say that he never lost a decision, for if ever a man was robbed of victory through no fault of his, it was Jem Carney.

Three pounds lighter than the champion, he gave him such a hammering that only the intervention of his backers, who had wagered more than £20,000 on the fight, saved him from a knock-out.

McAuliffe took the offensive.

Scorning any preliminaries, he came out from his corner punching with both hands, ripping savage lefts and rights to the Englishman's head and body.

With a smashing right upper-cut he put Carney flat on his back, and stepped back smiling, as though to say "So much for that five hundred dollars."

Carney, tough and rugged as British oak, was up in a flash, matching the champion blow for blow.

Having tasted the dynamite in Jem's flailing mits, McAuliffe was soon backing away, but Jem was after him all the time.

"Come on and make a fight of it," he growled.

McAuliffe, dancing beyond the reach of his stinging fists, smiled wisely.

"Youll have all the fighting you want before we're done. Carney," he promised.

So it proved.

They battled for more than five hours in that ill-lit stable, slogging through seventy-four fierce rounds, until they were both almost too weary to raise their hands or do more than shuffle slowly round the ring.

After the sixtieth round Jem began to draw ahead.

Again and again the Englishman battered McAuliffe to his knees, but the champion would not stay down.

Disfigured and half-blinded by the terrible punishment he had taken, he still remained game.

Backers of both men, half crazy with excitement, yelled frantic advice to their favourites. Free fights started all over the stable.

In the ring itself Carney found himself with half a dozen opponents to settle. Every time he drove the half-dazed champion back to the ropes McAuliffe's supporters grabbed his arms or aimed wild blows at him.

Shaking them off, he swung a tremendous punch that should have finished the fight, but it missed and knocked one of the ring posts clean out of the ground.

A minute later he floored the champion with a smashing blow on the forehead. McAuliffe could not last another round.

With the stable in an uproar, he rose groggily from his corner.

Crossing the ring with tigerish swiftness, Carney dropped him with a hard right flush on the chin.

With his eyes on the prostrate champion he stepped back. Then he felt something hard digging into his stomach.

"Back, you English ——, or I'll blow you apart," said a menacing voice, and, looking down, Carney saw that the long barrel of a six-shooter was digging mercilessly into his mid-section.

The man behind the gun was a grim individual who had been betting heavily on the champion before the fight. He so obviously meant business that Carney dropped his hands.

FURIOUS at seeing their man thus robbed, Jem's supporters followed McAuliffe's into the ring, and soon both sides were kicking, gouging, punching and tearing at each other.

Amid all this pandemonium Jem climbed upon a chair yelling for fair play, but he was silenced when the referee, alarmed at the turn events had taken, loudly announced that the decision was a draw.

He then fled for his life.

So it stands in the records—Jack McAuliffe v. Jem Carney for the light-weight championship of the world—a draw.

If ever a man was robbed of his rightful victory it was our Jem.

Even McAuliffe admitted as much when he visited this country later.

"I was dead lucky to share the decision," he said. "Jem punched me silly."

Continuing

GIANTS OF THE RING

by

A. W. HELLIWELL

RUB IN ELLIMANS

RUB OUT PAIN

OF LUMBAGO SCIATICA RHEUMATISM

SWOLLEN PAINFUL JOINTS

Rub IN ELLIMAN'S Rub OUT PAIN

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATIONS

For Human Use 1/3, Medium Size 2/- Large 4/-
ROYAL (for Animals) Medium Size 1/6 Large 2/9

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Elliman Sons & Co., Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

BACKACHE

BACKACHE, rheumatic pains and disorders of the urine often occur when strain, worry or a cold, chill or fever has overtaxed the kidneys.

WHEN your vital filtering organs clog up or weaken, the whole system suffers. Tissue wastes and acids from your food remain in the blood instead of being filtered away by the action of healthy kidneys.

Don't drag about in pain, feeling worn out and miserable! Let Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills make you well again. They strengthen, stimulate and flush out the kidneys, so that the millions of tiny tubes of which these organs are composed can do their work properly. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, painful muscles and joints, swollen ankles and limbs.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

BANISH CONSTIPATION

by this pleasant

"ONE-DAY" Method!

Millions of happy people all over the world have discovered that Feen-a-mint is the safest laxative they can buy. The reason: Feen-a-mint is not habit-forming. You don't take Feen-a-mint every day—day after day. Feen-a-mint banishes constipation naturally—with the occasional dose. It *regulates* the system; puts it "on the right road" again; puts you back to healthy normality.

That's not all! Feen-a-mint is safe and pleasant to take (kiddies love it!) and it has no after-effects whatever. Feen-a-mint works naturally and thoroughly. It's amazing how *soon* after taking Feen-a-mint you feel fit and vital. Take Feen-a-mint and you end once and for all stomach upsets, loss of appetite and that "half fit" feeling.

You'll need only one trial of Feen-a-mint to convince you. Get a package today; it's so valuable to your health! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere.

A BRIGHT SPOT in the BLACKOUT

Brings you MONEY & FRIENDS

Have you seen the latest Littlewood Catalogue? It's a Treasure House of War-time Bargains. Your friends will find just what they want *here*—without stirring beyond their cosy firesides—without the worry and trouble of town shopping in the black-out.

No wonder there are plenty of people ready and eager to join a Littlewood Club. Plenty near *you* ready to join YOUR Club directly you start!

It's easy to form and run a Littlewood Club. It's a practical way to lift the burden of war off your shoulders! Brings you **MONEY AND FRIENDS.** Gives you a happy hobby for these black-out times. And a

SURE, REGULAR, EASY, SPARE-TIME INCOME

Take the first step now. Send Coupon for Littlewood Catalogue and Outfit—value 5/-, but **FREE** to you.

INVITATION COUPON

Please send me, FREE, the Littlewood Catalogue of War-time Bargains; details of Commission, Bonuses and Free Gifts; and Complete Club Outfit. (I am over 21 years of age.)

Name.....
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and write in BLOCK LETTERS.)

Address .....

Town .....

County.....JB/24

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Littlewood 1/- Clubs, Old Hall Street, Liverpool 3.

Littlewood 1/- Clubs

(Littlewood Mail Order Stores Ltd. Directors: John Moores, Cecil Moores)

ARMY CLUBLETS

Old Timer or

Militia Cub—

The Army asks for

ARMY CLUB

THE FRONT-LINE CIGARETTE

Sent DUTY FREE to members of the B.E.F. in France: 200 for 4/- 100 for 2/- Postage 9d. Order through your tobacconist.

Prices at 'Naafi' canteens with the B.E.F.

10 for 2½d—20 for 5d

ORDINARY PRICES:

10 for 6½d 20 for 1/0

RELIEF if you suffer SKIN TORTURE

Are you tortured and disfigured by skin trouble? Cuticura Ointment will quickly relieve you. A touch of Cuticura Ointment arrests the tormenting itch of Eczema instantly and often a 1/3 tin is sufficient to commence the healing process. Applied to burns and scalds, Cuticura cools and soothes the fiery pain with magical effect. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples and rashes vanish after one or two applications. Cuticura safeguards against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, festerings and gatherings, all yield to the soothing, antiseptic powers of this world-famed healer. Buy a tin and get relief today!

132

Cuticura OINTMENT

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

ASTHMA

Warm medicated smoke from the very first Dr. Blosser Medical Cigarette (no tobacco) brings comforting relief from your spasms of Asthma . . . helps loosen congestion, makes breathing easier. **Prove it yourself.** Ask any chemist for 2/6 package of standard strength or extra strong. . . . Or write for

FREE Sample Cigarettes

DR. BLOSSER LTD. (Dept. 121 P.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

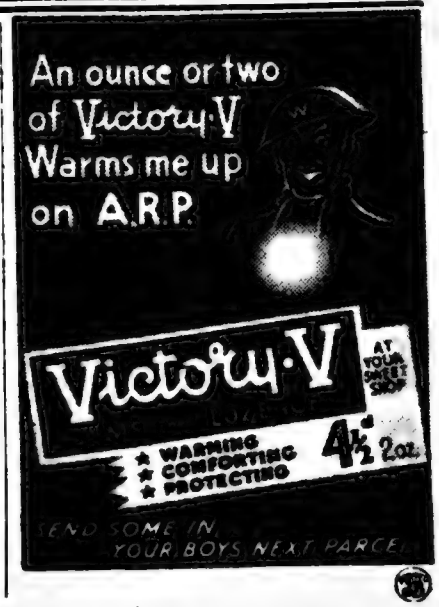
Send me Free Sample Cigarettes.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

DR. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

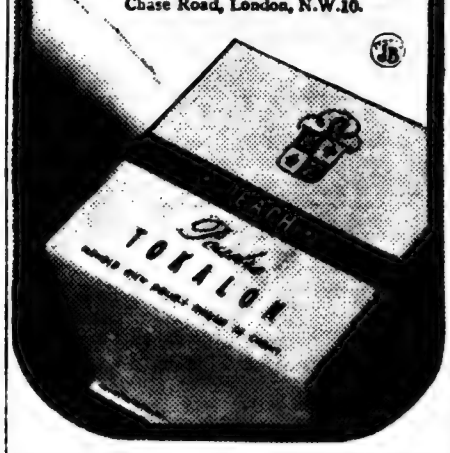


Why I use the new Poudre Tokalon

By PRINCESS ALA TROUBETZKOY

- ★ It is made in so many up-to-date flattering shades.
- ★ It is finer and lighter than any other powder I know.
- ★ I love its exquisite real flower perfume.
- ★ I find it stays on all day long. No other powder has this 'Mousse of Cream' secret.
- ★ It keeps my complexion fresh and lovely even in wind and rain.
- ★ I am sure I could not buy a *better* powder at any price.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of latest Paris shades so that she may test them for herself. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 222M), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.



PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

WALTER HOLMES, president of the Trades Union Congress, stressing the Humanity of the Red Cross Society, asks you to remember

The Power of the Penny

Still under the sign of the Red Cross, they will be taken home to the experts who will make them well again, and to the people they love.

SOME months ago a proud father showed me a school composition written by his small son on the subject: "What I Would Do with a Penny."

The lad was going to buy his mother a picture-frame, his father a pipe, himself a bag of toffees, and the rest was going to be put away for his holidays.

We laughed, I remember. But when we got down to considering the real power of the penny, the mightiness of the mite, we became serious.

We recalled, among other things, what the pioneers of trade unionism had been able to accomplish with the pennies of the workers.

It was with the help of the penny that voiceless masses became articulate. The pennies of the early trade union subscriptions became the pounds of the wage standards when the workers had won those standards.

But little did I realise, as we talked, what new practical proof was going to appear within the next few weeks of the power of the penny.

You may not realise it, but it is due to the pennies of thousands of workers that this is the first war in British history to start with an adequate Red Cross service in immediate operation.

IT may sound unbelievable to you if you are one of the millions of men who remember the Red Cross as their Good Samaritan in the last war—but it is true.

The last war started with one Red Cross motor-ambulance in the field. Otherwise, only old horse-drawn coaches were available.

This time, pennies have made all the difference.

When the first contingent of the B.E.F. went to France in this war, fully equipped modern motor-ambulances, medical staff and even complete hospital units were ready to accompany them. These were the contribution of men and women in the factories to their comrades in the field.

One factory with a thousand workers finances the provision and annual maintenance of an ambulance on the Western Front.

The 8,000 workers in another works in the Midlands contribute enough to purchase, every year, a complete electro-cardiographic equipment.

Your doctor will tell you what one of those is worth in terms of human life, not money.

And he will tell you also until 1918 no such boon was available for the men who served in the last war.

What of the smaller workshops?

In many little factories, individual groups of workers are each financing the provision of thousands of dressings every year.

All done with pennies again. . . .

You, too, are going to be given an opportunity of helping with this workers' own movement—if you haven't been asked already.

If every worker responds, the workers at the bench will provide £3,000,000 a year to give the men who do the fighting the Red Cross service they deserve—and they are worth every penny of it.

It will succour them from the moment that labels are attached to their top buttons telling the urgency of their wounds.

Its fleets of ambulances will take them to its hospital trains equipped with beds, kitchens, dispensaries and operating theatres.

And—still under the sign of the Red Cross—they will be taken home to the experts who will make them well again, and to the people they love.

The Red Cross has to extend its work into places where no Government at war would be permitted to help.

While protecting our wounded under the Red Cross emblem of an international organisation—it must trace prisoners of war, look after their interests and care, provide them with medical supplies, send them comforts and food.

It must work for an exchange of prisoners if it can. It spent the colossal sum of £5,147,876 on our prisoners of war in the Great War

It gave vital information to their loved ones, about 61,600 missing men, in the last war.

BELLIGERENT Governments cannot do all these things. But your pennies can. . . .

Here is the way:—

The Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund wants a penny-a-week from your wages. You and the fellow-workers who want to co-operate can ask the guv'nor to deduct it from your wages, and a monthly receipt for every penny received will be posted on your notice board.

You are at liberty to stop paying when you like. In any case collections will cease as soon as war is over. **BUT DO START.**

During the next few days, if they haven't done so already, civic heads all over the country will be launching the local organisations. Within a month no well established work-centre should be outside the scheme.

Remember that great as were the needs of the Red Cross in the last war, they may be far greater this time.

Help must be given to the civilian population as well, if air raids should come.

THE scheme is under the chairmanship of Lord Southwood, managing director of Odhams Press Ltd. The central committee, on which I am proud to serve, includes Walter Citrine. Trade Union representatives serve on all local committees.

It is a 100-per-cent. workers' movement, everywhere, as a help-a-pal movement should be.

Already pennies are providing the Red Cross with the best brains and equipment procurable. Fifteen departments of this new Ministry of Healing grew in a week.

And I laughed at a little boy's idea of what a penny could do—not knowing that it could accomplish a mighty lot more than even he realised!

Mystery Solution

(See page 22)

When the driver arrived at the Army camp in the morning he claimed to have been chloroformed twelve hours previously.

Yet when Colonel Swift handed the pad of cotton-wool to Captain Connolly, less than ten minutes after the driver's arrival, *it was still wet with ether!*

Ether is more volatile than petrol.

Even had the pad been saturated, the ether would have evaporated in a few hours.

Through the pad still being wet, Connolly knew that the driver must have poured the drug on it just before getting to the camp.

Pools Notes

FOLLOWING my advice about choosing the away winners as the best chance of deriving steady, though small, returns from war time pools, I give these different permutations to cover various selections of away winners.

1. Allowing for 1 error in 5 selections.

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2 2 2 2 -
2 2 2 - 2
2 2 - 2 2
2 - 2 2 2
- 2 2 2 2
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2. Allowing for 2 errors in 7 selections.

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2 2 2 2 - - -
- - 2 2 2 2 -
- 2 - 2 2 - 2
2 - - 2 - 2 2
2 2 - - 2 2 -
2 - 2 - 2 - 2
- 2 2 - - 2 2
```

3. Allowing for 2 errors in 8 selections.

```
2 2 2 - - - -
2 - - - 2 2 -
- 2 2 - 2 - -
- 2 - - 2 2 -
2 2 - 2 - - -
2 - - 2 2 - -
- - 2 2 - 2 -
- - 2 2 - 2 -
```

4. Allowing for 2 errors in 9 selections.

```
2 2 2 - - -
- - 2 2 - -
- - 2 2 - -
2 - - - 2 -
- 2 - - 2 -
2 2 - 2 - -
- - 2 2 - -
2 - - - 2 -
- 2 - - 2 -
```

5. Allowing for 3 errors in 9 selections.

```
2 2 2 2 2 2 - - - - -
- - - 2 2 2 2 2 2 - -
- - 2 - 2 - 2 - - 2 - 2
- 2 - - - 2 - 2 - 2 - 2
- - 2 2 - - - - 2 - 2 2
2 2 2 - - - 2 2 2 - - -
2 - - 2 - - 2 - - 2 2 -
- 2 - - 2 - - 2 - 2 2 -
2 - - - - 2 - - 2 - 2 2
```

6. Allowing for 3 errors in 10 selections.

```
2 2 2 2 - - - - - -
2 - - - 2 2 2 - - -
- 2 - - 2 - - 2 2 -
- - 2 - - 2 - 2 - 2
- - - 2 - - 2 - 2 2
2 2 2 2 - - - - - -
2 - - - 2 2 2 - - -
- 2 - - 2 - - 2 2 -
- - 2 - - 2 - 2 - 2
- - - 2 - - 2 - 2 2
```

GOOD NEWS
for those who suffer from
EYE COMPLAINTS

Sensational book—Just out—Shows how, in many cases, operations may be avoided

"VICTORY OVER EYE DISEASES WITHOUT OPERATION"—*Dr. Luftig's Latest Book*

Written by the eminent Specialist, William Luftig, M.D., Ph.N., has caused a sensation and brought hope to many. The book, the result of twenty-five years' successful practice, outlines a system of non-operative treatment in cases of CATARACT, SQUINT, GLAUCOMA, DETACHMENT of the RETINA, and other eye troubles in adults and children. Publishing agents:

PRICE 3/6

C. W. DANIEL Co. Ltd.
49 St. Russell St., London, W.C.1

MOTHER! FIGHT CHILD'S COLDS

How many mothers are aware that children's colds, coughs and snuffles are encouraged by constipation? How many mothers know for certain whether their children are constipated or not? You can't keep your eye on them all the time. So when they come home sneezing, coughing, snuffling, be sure that their bowels are not clogged with poisonous waste which acts as an ideal breeding ground for germs.

Go out and buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' and give a dose at once. Armies of germs are cleared out and the risks of head colds and chest colds are greatly reduced. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. Kiddies love the delicious flavour! For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a natural fruit laxative.

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—

'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken. (28)

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a box of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere. (28)

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

SEPTIC WOUNDS
BOILS, WHITLOWS, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO

HATS OFF TO LION

Sure, because LION OINTMENT first helps the septic matter OUT: then forms a clean new healthy skin from underneath. The trusted remedy for 30 years.

Chemists, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-

1/3

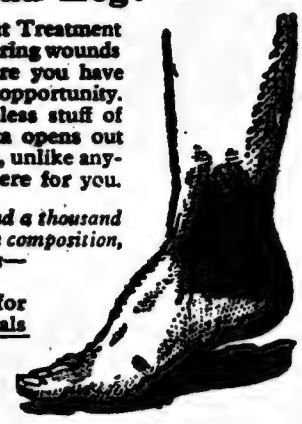
LION OINTMENT

BAD LEGS
'That Pain You'
'That Cripple You'
'That Prevent Sleep'

ENDURE NOT A DAY LONGER—STOP THAT PAIN NOW

Get rid of that Bad Leg!

Yours to-day is the instant choice of a new great Treatment which translates you from pain to ease, from festering wounds and ulcers to sound and healthy legs. The cure you have sought for years is here now! Grasp the great opportunity. Throw away that old rag or plaster—that useless stuff of odds and ends that never cures. A new vista opens out for you. A great new Treatment for Bad Legs, unlike anything you have ever had or known before, is here for you.



This Treatment is different, different, different—and a thousand times better. It is different in principle, different in composition, different in its application, different in its results—because it cures your leg.

This new marvellous Treatment provides for everything. It rapidly grows new flesh, it heals your wounds and ulcers. It takes away all pain, it cures your Eczema, it banishes irritation, it dispels all swellings, it takes tiredness and heaviness out of the legs—in short as one cured sufferer said, "I never had anything like it, thank you for your great wonder Treatment."

THIS TREATMENT IS MADE FOR YOUR OWN LEG

The Treatment does all these things for you because it is made for you only, specially to suit your own complaint. No matter how bad your leg may be this Treatment is for you. No matter how many wounds and ulcers on your leg, this Treatment is for you. If pain keeps you awake at nights, with this Treatment you will sleep in comfort. If you are tormented with burning pain or aching inflamed Eczema, this Treatment is for you. It is for wounds that discharge poison and for legs that are itchy and weeping. If your legs are swollen, tired and heavy and aching, this Treatment is for you.

THOUSANDS BLESS THE TREATMENT—SO WILL YOU!

This new great Treatment has earned the blessings of thousands now happily cured. The same happy result awaits you. There is no room for doubt or hesitancy. It will pay you to cast such thoughts to the winds. It costs you nothing to get to know. Fill in the coupon and write to-day. The Treatment is so easy to apply, so comfortable to use, so splendid in its success for you. You may be in pain to-day—but to-morrow, what a pleasant relief! And what a grand change it will be to see your leg sound and well. The results are lasting results.

DELAY NOT A MOMENT! EVERY DAY'S DELAY MAY MEAN A DAY'S MORE PAIN AND MISERY.

WRITE NOW! AT ONCE.

Fill in the Coupon below and a valuable Book with full particulars of this marvellous Treatment which is going to make your leg sound and well will be sent to you at once Free of all charge.

FREE BOOK! FREE ADVICE! PRICELESS INFORMATION!

GET TO KNOW! AND GET YOUR LEG WELL.
HERE IS THE COUPON. POST IT NOW.

FREE COUPON. WARD B.L.

To NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS,
GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, 7.

Please send me your valuable Book and all particulars of your Famous Treatment free of charge.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

State Complaint:
.....

National College of Health, Ltd.

HEALTH news

If nerve suffering is your trouble read these two remarkable cases, which show you how to overcome your weakness and make a good recovery.

SERIOUS BREAKDOWN

Put yourself in this young woman's place—and then rejoice in her recovery! She may have been worse than you with her nerves, perhaps, yet today she says: "*After a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets my nerves are stronger, my appetite good, I sleep well, and all depression gone, am better and stronger in every way.*" This!—after having had a serious breakdown with "*nerve weakness and blood pressure*" and although under treatment she made no improvement until she took Dr. Cassells. No wonder she remarks "*you can rest assured how very grateful I am to you for Dr. Cassells Tablets.*" Mrs. F. M. J., Ldn., E.12.

NOW—
Her nerves are stronger, depression has gone!

They were thinking of an

OPERATION
on her Nerve . . .

The tragic thought of long weeks of illness and suffering which lay in front of her was happily removed from this writer's mind as the result of seeing an advertisement. Her letter says: "*I have been a sufferer from leg trouble and have been under treatment and nothing seemed to do it any good. They suggested an operation on the nerve, but seeing Dr. Cassells Tablets advertised I decided to give them a trial. I am pleased to say that having taken Dr. Cassells I am a new woman without an operation at all, so I am recommending them to everyone now. Thanks to Dr. Cassells.*" (Signed) Mrs. C., Birmingham.

NOW—
She is a new woman, without an operation!

Feed your Nerves with

DR CASSELLS TABLETS

—AND YOU WILL

EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER! (28)
FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.
The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

RHEUMATISM AND NERVE TROUBLE

Sufferers from these wearying ailments take encouragement! Vitadatio, the safe herbal remedy, triumphs again! It can help you as it helped Mr. Downing, Elvington, York. Read what he writes:—"What a wonderful medicine Vitadatio has proved to me. I have been suffering for a long time from Nerve Trouble and Rheumatism. I had terrible nights and could not sleep, but since taking Vitadatio I feel a new man. It is a god-send to sufferers."

Give this wonderful medicine a trial! Act Now—get a bottle to-day! Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle or direct per post (6d. extra in U.K.).
From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** (28)

Up by the GESTAPO!

"Just as we had passed the frontier on to Italian soil, the telephone bell rang in the Customs post. Had I escaped Himmler's S.S. men by seconds?"

FIVE GUINEAS is paid to Sydney Fleming, of Bradford, Yorkshire, for this reader's true story of war time adventure.

Eager to reveal such adventures, "John Bull" offers five guineas for every reader's story published. Told in a thousand words, it must be about war, and it must be true

"HITLER?" I asked loudly. "What did *he* do in the Great War, anyway? He was always miles behind the lines. And as to his promises——"

Safe talk for this country at any time, but I was speaking in a Budapest cabaret a few months before war broke out.

I went on casually with my diatribe against the German leader, not knowing how many of the persons around me were listening to my words, and not caring a hang either.

Nazi-ism has been the biggest hate of my life ever since I first heard about it, and I had dined and wined just well enough to feel no fear about shouting my views from the housetops.

If there was anybody around who disagreed with my views, it was fitting that he should hear them.

But my views went unchallenged.

I finished another drink and then drifted away to my hotel.

The next day, rather wisely perhaps, I chose another restaurant for lunch.

It was in Buda. There was a friendly atmosphere about everybody in the place. It seemed fairly certain that there was nobody there who remembered my indiscretions of the previous night.

A short, chubby man came over to my table. He was all smiles. He pushed a hand forward impetuously.

"My dear friend——" he began.

I started to speak, but he disregarded my words.

"Why ever didn't you tell me you were coming over to my country, my good friend?" he demanded.

SEEING the bewilderment and lack of recognition in my face, he broke off with, "Oh, I make a mistake. I'm so sorry, sir."

He went on to say how much I resembled an English friend of his living in Hamburg.

"I am a German," he added. "But I have so many dear English friends."

He was such a jolly fellow that I explained at length that I was on a business trip and was returning to England in a few days.

Would he have a liqueur with me?

He jumped at my offer and took the seat beside me.

An hour later we were on excellent terms.

"And now," he said at length, "you must come to my place and have coffee. Black coffee. And such coffee. I know you English people don't get many chances to get it as we make it, so come with me. My flat is only a minute away by taxicab."

A minute later I was there. On the third floor of a block of flats my friend inserted a key in a door and bade me enter the apartment.

I sensed danger the moment the door closed behind me.

THE flat seemed adequately furnished, and there was nothing sinister-looking about it, yet it didn't strike me as having been lived in. There was sufficient of the impersonal atmosphere of a show-house about it to make me suspicious.

"I will make coffee," said my friend, walking into another room, and I must confess that while he was gone I made plans as to what should be done if he attacked me.

Suddenly the door swung open again. My acquaintance entered with two of the toughest-looking young roughs.

"You Englishman——" sneered my strange host, all friendliness and warmth gone from his voice. "You pride yourself on your freedom of speech, but there are some things you don't say here. Last night you had the impertinence to criticise the Fuehrer."

My first reaction was to spring on the fat man according to the plan I had worked out while he was out of the room. But prudence told me to make an outward show of tremendous calm instead.

"Well," I replied. "Supposing I did give expression to certain private views? What now?"

He grinned.

"We're just going to teach you that you made a mistake."

"Hungary is not Germany," I warned him.

He made the sort of gesture to his two thugs that men make to their dogs when setting them on to vermin.

"It soon will be," he added.

I leapt to my feet as I saw the two men rushing at me.

A surge of calmness went through me. Although I am not a prize fighter, this wasn't my first rough house.

I pushed my foot out in front of one of the rushing figures. I contacted his shin, and sent him spinning.

As he let out an oath and stood struggling to regain his balance, I raced round the table and picked up a chair.

At that, the three of them attacked together. Blows rained on my face and body, kicks on my legs. The chair was torn from my grasp.

The blind fury I saw now in their faces made me think they were going to murder me. I am not ashamed to admit that I kept my feet as busy as my arms. I felt stronger than I had ever felt in my life before as some of my kicks and blows got home.

But at last superior strength told. I went crashing to the floor under the weight of all three of them. And there blow after blow was rained on me.

WHEN I felt all in, my great chance came.

As we surged on the floor, I saw my fat "friend's" head only a few inches away, and the part of his anatomy nearest to me was the lobe of his ear.

"Bite it—bite and hold on like a bulldog," I thought.

With a terrific struggle, I got my head near enough and closed my teeth on something soft and warm.

I gave a special bite to make sure, and the scream of pain that followed was the shrillest I have ever heard from any human being.

Blows were hammered on my face and neck, but with each one I bit harder. Soon I had the fat man himself pleading that I should be left alone.

Then the rattle of a door knob—and the door was opened. The young men, startled, leapt to their feet. I relaxed my bite. The fat man clambered up, spattering all three of us with blood from his ear as he did so.

"Help, help!" I shouted, in the best Hungarian I knew.

With a few hurried words in German, a language I do not know well, the three men ran for the door and down the stairs.

I looked towards the door.

Standing there were two women, resident in the block of flats, who had arrived to find out what the fat man was screaming about. They looked frightened to death.

I told them that three Germans had tried to kill me and that I was going to fetch the police. And I made off by cab.

* * *

I left Budapest two days later, my job there having finished, and decided to spend a few days in Vienna with Teddy, a young cousin.

We were sitting in our bedroom in the Kantnerstrasse when I happened to look out of the window.

The sight of a bandaged man attracted my attention.

Lint and gauze were strapped round his ear.

BUT his figure and what was visible of his face told me that he was my fat "friend."

And he was watching my hotel.

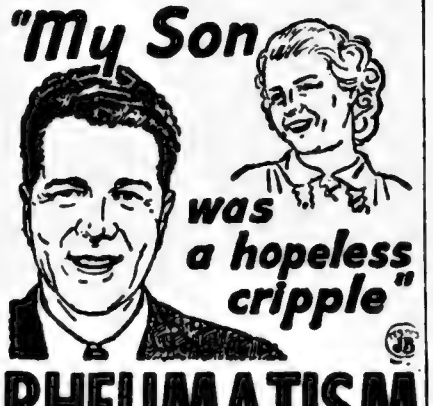
I was out of that hotel within an hour. I was out of the country within a few hours. Knowing what the Gestapo could do to me in Hungary—and it is fairly certain to me that the three men were at least acting on Gestapo instructions—I could visualise what lengths they could go to in the Gestapo's own country.

Just as we passed through the Customs to Italian soil a telephone bell began to ring on the German side.

The German who answered it left the hut, glared across the frontier, and then went back disgustedly to continue his conversation.

Did that call concern me?

Had I escaped the vengeance of Himmler's special police by a fraction of a minute?



RHEUMATISM

"My son was given up as incurable, described as a hopeless cripple. Now he is the picture of health, and a well-known Rugby football player."

Mrs. J. P.'s son writes:—*"I have recommended De Witts Pills for years for the benefit I have received after being given up as incurable."*

To end rheumatism you must strengthen the kidneys and enable them to clear the system of poisons and impurities. Because De Witts Pills act directly on the kidneys you have proof, within 24 hours, they have reached the kidneys. Speedy relief from pain is followed by increasing benefit as De Witts Pills free your system of rheumatism poisons.

DE WITTS (Brand Kidney and Bladder) **PILLS**

end the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

NEW SKIN IN 4 DAYS

This letter is a true example of the great healing power of Holloways Ointment for all skin troubles.

"A friend of mine had two gathered fingers, with great swelling and extreme pain. I gave him some Holloways Ointment on Sunday morning and on the following Thursday new skin was formed. A woman I know had an abscess on her wrist. Holloways Ointment healed it in a fortnight. I have myself found it most effective, too."

BOILING KETTLE Leads to DREADFUL WOUND

Here is a striking illustration of how an everyday accident can, either through neglect or faulty treatment, have most serious consequences. This little girl had only her schoolmistress and Holloways Ointment to thank for saving her from what might have been a lifetime of suffering.

"I proved Holloways Ointment to be excellent in the case of a little girl who had upset a kettle of boiling water over her leg. Her mother wrapped up the place in calico rag, which she kept constantly pulling off to look at it. The result was a most dreadful wound. When she brought the child to me the sore place was full of corruption and proud flesh. I washed it and then put on some of your valuable Holloways Ointment, and in a week it began to heal."

Don't run the risk of neglecting your skin trouble—"hoping it won't spread." Hope won't clear it up—only HEALING will do that . . . instant, soothing, cleansing HOLLOWAY Healing! Holloways Ointment has been famous for over 100 years for SORES, ABSCESSES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BURNS, CUTS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, HÆMORRHOIDS, LEG TROUBLES, etc. It soothes at a touch. It cleanses, purifies and HEALS.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND OINTMENT is sold everywhere at 3d., 1/3, 2/-, and 5/-

WIN £5 DAILY for LIFE

Who wants over **£1,800** IN CROSSWORD PENSION PAYMENTS DURING THE NEXT 20 YEARS?

FINE JOHN BULL PENSION or £425 LUMP SUM

£100 BETWEEN 1ST RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 2ND RUNNERS-UP

One Week Only!

JUST imagine what you could do with an extra 35/- weekly to spend—not just for a month or a year, but *for the rest of your life!*

If you tackle the Clues with care and post your entry on or before Saturday, February 3, there is no reason why you should not win this week's Giant Pension and all the blessings of a regular income for life.

ACROSS CLUES.

1. You should be able to rely on getting this at first-class leather store
3. Often signals something's wrong
5. This sort of pupil might well serve as a model for the rest of class
6. Difficult to handle if too heavy and thick
8. What bad tooth causes
9. Being in a state of great suspense usually makes one this
12. Ocean
14. One may be something like horse-shoe or semicircle in shape
15. Breakdown will possibly be caused by loose one
17. New bus conductor can't be expected to know every one on busy route
19. Body might be ruined by one after crash

DOWN CLUES.

1. Big navvy's strength may be shown in this
2. Engrave on metal
4. Electrical problems often give you this
7. Greedy boy may guzzle everything and just leave the others this
9. You shouldn't let losing this depress you
10. It's not nice having to work on this when it's very rough
11. Commercial artist might possibly want model to do this for draw-ings or photos
12. They're often just ordinary guys
13. Mechanic should not find it very difficult to adjust this
14. Many country folk would really hate having this indoors
16. At launching, one may well cause excitement
18. One hears with this

£200 plus £20 WAR BONUS FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. Bullets coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Big Cash and War Bonus Offer, provided it bears the same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 187th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this Set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, February 15. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

9 BIG CHEQUES WON

IN CROSSWORD No. 184

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 184, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following nine competitors:—

J. C. BETHELL, 31, Trial Avenue, Lincoln; MRS. O. BURTON, 7, Woodstock Road, Strood, Rochester; A. CHAPMAN, 1, Southville, Gordon Rd., Cheltenham; S. H. CORBISHLEY, 31, Bedford Place, Southampton; C. O. FLETCHER, 2, The Island, Thames Ditton, Surrey; A. E. GOWEN, 127, Dursley Rd., Trowbridge, Wilts; MRS. A. MOORE, Tallow, Royston, Herts; MRS. M. POWELL, 5, Chequers End, Goddenden Row, Hemel Hempstead; MRS. R. SIMMONS, 6, Fulford Rd., W. Ewell, Surrey.

These competitors share the First Prize of £425, and a cheque for £47 4s. 6d. will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 to Runners-up has been divided between 47 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 2s. 7d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 290 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. PLANE. 4. RIGS. 8. HER. 7. RAT. 10. STAR. 11. SOE. 13. DARE. 16. AIR. 18. ROSIER. 19. GAP. 20. STAY.

DOWN.—1. PROM. 2. APE. 3. LIVER. 6. RAY. 9. SHORE. 9. RACE. 12. SALE. 13. SEAR or SHAR. 15. HYE. 14. SHOP. 16. ASS. 17. COG or COL.

WINNING SQUARE

J5184

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points SEAR or SHAR and COG or COL were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 187, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 187, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note NEW Closing Postmark — SAT., FEB. 3

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, February 3, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 15. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

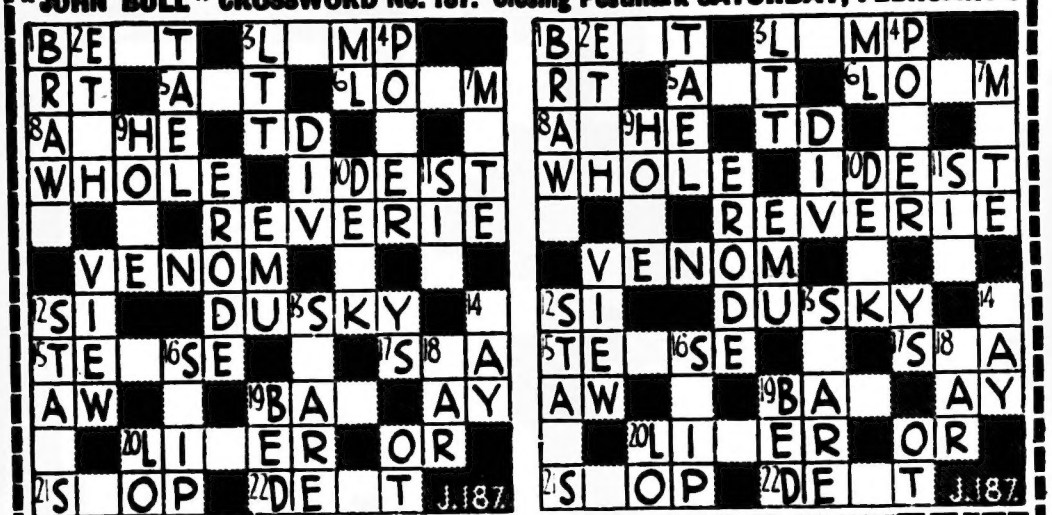
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £425 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

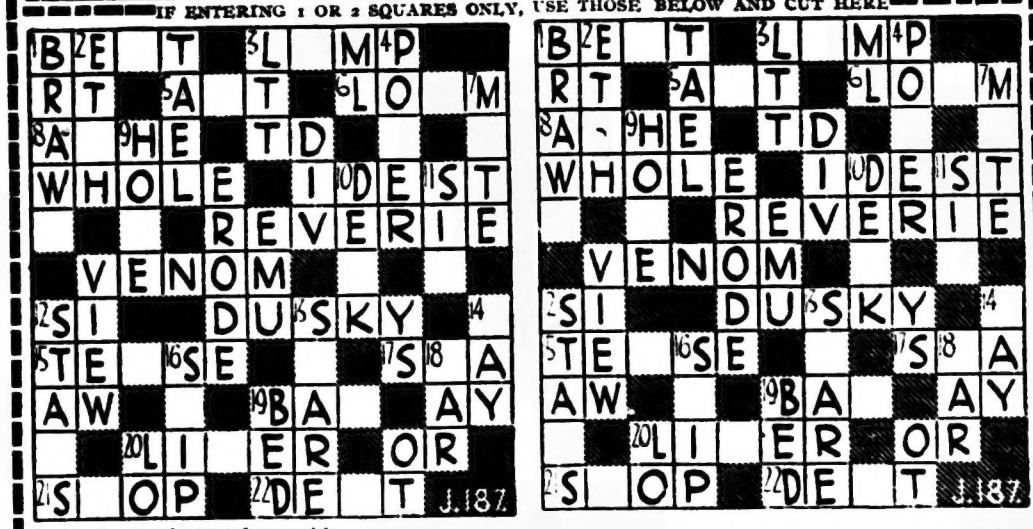
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 187. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3



IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions. Affixed are 1½d. stamps at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below.)

Name.....

Address.....

P.O. Value..... No.....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME & ADDRESS TO LABEL

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE).

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

19.....

SAVED From An OPERATION FOR PILES

Great New Remedy

Dear Sirs: I have suffered with Hæmorrhoids very badly indeed. I was told that only an operation would cure. The trouble began to be very painful, and I was in despair. I made up my mind to try **Germoloids**, and am very thankful I did so, for I have had real and lasting relief for the last 4 months.—**J. G., London, W.1.** If **YOU** are a victim from this horrible trouble, you, too, should try **Germoloids.** They soothe instantly—stop smarting, itching, "burning," reduce swelling, end bleeding! They heal while you sleep, protect against infection and prevent constipation. Get a box **TO-DAY!** A pleasant effective, internal remedy. **GERMOLOIDS Brand are obtainable from all chemists and cost only 1/3 per box.**

A TOUCH OF INDIGESTION

When should Indigestion be taken seriously? The answer to that question is in the one word ALWAYS. Many people loosely describe a stomach pain as "a touch of Indigestion," but frequently it is a warning note of something that may turn out to be much more serious.

Remember that pain is Nature's warning. In the stomach, that warning should never go unheeded, because what may be simple to-day may be serious in a week or two.

Stop stomach pain at once. You can do this with MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. Its action is soothing and comforting. Above all, it is speedy and SAFE, so long as you see that you get the Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on carton, bottle or tin. No one could calculate the suffering that has been ended, the operations that have been avoided, by the timely use of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If you are bothered by "a touch of Indigestion," take this powder in water, or two tablets. You may be nipping in the bud what would otherwise be an anxiety to you for many a long day and night. Powder or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. New 6d. tin (15 tablets). Economy pocket tin (25 tablets), 9d.

RHEUMATISM

"Every limb absolutely locked"

The following letter received from Mr. J. G. J., of Darwen, Lancs., is so amazing that we print it without comment for the benefit of all rheumatic sufferers:

"I was in a terrible state of rheumatism for nine months, laid up in bed, could not straighten a limb, and had to be moved from one side of the bed to the other. Every limb was absolutely locked. I thought I should never get over it.

"One day, when my Insurance man called, my wife told him I was getting worse. He said, 'I have got a wonderful cure,' and told her about Fynnon Salt.

"My wife bought a tin and gave me a dose during the afternoon and another at night. I had three doses the next day. The following day I got up and came downstairs myself, the first time for six months. *On the third day I was back at work.*

"If you would like further proof of my statement I will be only too pleased to refer you to my doctor and the Superintendent of the Insurance Company who told me about Fynnon. I am working on very heavy, damp work—large concrete products. I am in better health now than I have been for years."

Need anything more be said? Let Fynnon salt get to grips with *your* Rheumatism. 1/3 a tin at all chemists.

BAD LEGS

YIELD TO HEALO TREATMENT

Innumerable sufferers from Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin Irritation and other Skin Disorders having obtained immediate relief and eventually been cured by using HEALO Ointment have gratefully sent us Testimonials. Here is a typical one from Ware, Herts: "*I am pleased to inform you that the Healo you sent has done my ulcerated leg more good than all other kinds I have tried, and gave me immediate relief.*" F . . . C . . .

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

FOR BARGAINS . . . . . See JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW —Page 2.

In trouble? In doubt? Whatever the subject of the matter that worries you, we will take it off your shoulders.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All you need to send with your enquiry is a stamped, addressed envelope.

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE LAST LAUGH

MAXIMILIAN (Kelvedon). — "The Guards have turned me down because I am half an inch below the standard height, so what is the best thing for me to do now?" Grow.

TOM (Ayr).—"Do you know what I said when the boss asked me to sweep out the office?" Yes, sir.

G. V. (Sheppey).—"She refused to hold hands with me at the circus, but I fell for her." Aerial gymnasts, eh?

D. A. (St. Ives).—"I've had bad luck with both my wives, the first of whom eloped." And the second didn't?

M. H. (Brackley).—"I am sure you can't guess what the 'M' of my initials stands for." Wrong—your Christian name.

J. J. (Harrogate).—"If a man can obey orders there is room for him in the Army." And if he can't, there's the guard room.

E. J. (Shrewsbury).—"I am such a book-lover that I should hate to see any of mine torn up in little pieces." What about your ration book?

G. L. (Guildford).—"I have had the same collar-stud for 34 years." Nimrod was a mighty hunter but he had nothing on you.

W. S. (Glasgow).—"When I met my doctor, he told me he was in no hurry for me to pay his bill." Was his sarcasm effective?

J. L. (Nelson).—"If patriotism won't make us turn up our lawns for allotments, then what will?" A shortage of vegetables.

A. L. (Honiton).—"I thought that after Christmas, Hitler would lay all his cards on the table, but he hasn't." Perhaps he didn't get any.

ASTRONOMER (Laindon).—"I am convinced that one can tell what one is up against by the stars." You bumped into a lamp-post in the black-out?

MARIE (Birmingham).—"Thanks to the war, my father is making fifteen pounds a week and my mother ten. Can you guess what I am making?" Yes, whoopee!

J. S. (Edinburgh).—"After I had smoked half of the cigar, I realised that the tobacconist had cheated me." You weren't so green as you looked?

T. R. (Sandgate).—"I have made up my mind to keep the notes in my diary written up." Written down, you mean, don't you?

MANAGER (London, W.).—"I employ a detective at the back of the stage at my theatre to prevent thieving." Has someone been taking too many curtains?

DORIS (Brighton).—"I had a rendezvous with a lieutenant but I found a captain waiting there to keep the appointment." Gosh! You must have been late.

E. G. (St. Annes).—"Everyone in my family is learning to play a musical instrument. What do you think I am learning?" To put up with it.

MRS. J. T. (Carlisle).—"My daughter wishes to become a secretary. She is quick, neat and efficient, and is excellent at shorthand and typing." Never mind all that. Is she pretty?

CLERK (Crowhurst).—"When I complained of brain-fag, my boss had the cheek to say that I was shamming." He should have said "boasting," eh?

JOURNALIST (Hampstead).—"I think I can say that I am one of the slickest men in Fleet Street." You can say it right enough but will anyone believe you?

M. R. (Leek).—"The length of my diary entry has decreased considerably since the first day of the New Year." Ours looks like an official communiqué from the Maginot Line, too.

G. L. (Orpington).—"A famous conjurer is serving in the ranks of the B.E.F." We understand that his skilful cooking of omelettes in his tin hat is the envy of all.

B. B. (Woodhall).—"A cigar is like a play. If it is a bad one, no amount of puffing will make it draw." And if it is a good one, all your friends will ask for a box.

D. K. (Diss).—"My husband has asked to be sent to France this month, although he has had only seven weeks' training." It's wonderful what some men will do to dodge Spring cleaning.

L. T. (Ledbury).—"What should you do if, as soon as you came home from work, your wife demanded you should construct something to put her aspidistra on?" Make a stand.

N. M. (Epping).—"I'm afraid the war will keep many of our migratory birds away from this country this year." Unless, of course, the Air Ministry sends out a few long-distance planes to bring them here in convoys.

L. O. (Hunstanton).—"I had to fill in a puzzle paper—one of those round games at parties—and a description of the word 'optimist' was called for. My answer was incorrect. What would you describe an optimist as?" A fellow who can look at his shirt just back from the laundry and say, "We needed lace curtains, anyway."

BETTY (Chichester).—"I fell in love with him at first sight, but it only lasted for a day or two." You found out it was the boss's car you met him in?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DERBY STANDARD:—". . . he found the girl collapsed in the kitchen with an ARMY partly in the sink."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—". . . saw the German planes overhead, and noticed swastikas on their SWINGS."

HERALD AND EXPRESS:—". . . there is utmost confidence that the matter of magnetic MINUTES is thoroughly in hand . . ."

LINCOLNSHIRE STANDARD:—". . . and it was arranged that his FUTURE should be stored until he wanted it sending on."

RETFORD, WORKSOP, ISLE OF AXHOLME AND GAINSBOROUGH NEWS:—". . . the wild rose BUSES that were such a perfection of pale blossom in June."

SUNDAY SUN:—"The committees will bring to the notice of M.P.s Food Control Committees and councillors any REGULARITIES discovered."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS:—"British troops joined with French in forming a guard of honour for General Sikorsky, Polish PRICE Minister. . . ."

HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND POST:—". . . when conditions generally are not easy (and will, I fear, get worse rather than WETTER) it would surely be only showing consideration . . ."

The Kid - by Lees

P. W. (Worcester).—"In these days of taxes I wonder someone hasn't thought of a tax on perambulators." But then you'd have the children up in arms.

ANDY C. (Hassocks).—"Do you give your wife a personal allowance?" Well, we tried it but it didn't work—she always spent it before we could borrow it back.

G. H. (York).—"I am quite convinced that there is no life so happy as a married one." You haven't been married very long?

MRS. N. (Clacton).—"I took some cookery lessons while my husband was abroad, and what do you think he did as soon as he got home?" Went abroad again?

"Bullets" Illustrated

Heard in the Black-Out—Dad's Arrival—Hitler's "Destruction"!

BIG CASH PRIZES and BONUSES — OVER £400

1806 HIGHLAND WINNERS

ONE WEEK ONLY!

£200 MUST BE WON PLUS £20 WAR BONUS for best 'Bullet'

INCREASED PRIZES FOR RUNNERS-UP

£20 £10 £9 £8 £7

£6 £5 £4 2 off £3 10 of £2 10s

25 of £1 200 Surprise Awards

2,000 OTHER PRIZES

Closing Postmark SAT. FEB. 3.

£100 OFFERED IN £5 WAR BONUSES

With your Prize, value £2.10s. up to £20, you receive EXTRA £5 if you have entered 4 or more "Bullets" for this Bonus Offer.

HOW TO WIN A BIG "BULLETS" CHEQUE

ANOTHER bumper *Bullets* Offer this week, with fine cheques and cash bonuses which bring over £400 within the reach of readers who grasp this golden opportunity!

A leisure half-hour entertainingly spent on making *Bullets* and any of the 2,246 prizes can be yours—why not that big 2-in-1 First? Remember—cheques for Runners-up have also been increased this week—and each such winner who has qualified as directed will receive a £5 War Bonus.

To make a "Bullet" simply add Two, Three or Four words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples given below. For instance, using the *Example*, WAR DEMANDS, a York entrant won First Prize with the words, CAT'S EYES—DOG'S TEETH. You could equally well have made that winning *Bullet*, just as you could have made up any of the prize *Bullets* published in the winning list below.

Remember that as you turn to the *Examples* and begin on your own *Bullets* at once, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, February 3.

N.B. Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 33, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword weekly.

'BULLETS' 1,202 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200

Plus Luxury Case monthly during 1940.

J. RODGERS, 42, Queen's Drive, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Example: WHAT THE PADRE SAID
Bullet: GAVE "SERVICE" NEW MEANING.

SECOND PRIZE, £20:

MRS. W. B. CROSS, 163b, Greencroft Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.
Example: Our Grocer.
Bullet: "Sphinx" To Our Winks.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

A. SINGLETON, 17, Oyster Street, Portsmouth.
Example: Tough On Adolf.
Bullet: Navy "Bottled"—Army "Sobered."

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: D. WOODS, 14, Jubilee Court, London Road, Thornton Heath.
Foundations Of Freedom—Europe's "Earthquake" Will *Strengthen*.

£4: G. R. RAINIER, "Green Lawns," Avenue Road, Highcliffe, Hants.
What The Padre Said—Missing Duckboard, "Converted" Sentry!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: A. N. JOHNSON, 12, Bargrange Avenue, Shipley, Yorks.
Somewhere In Britain—Then France—Then Germany?

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

A. BENNETT, Chalk Pit Cottage, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.
Starting On Adolf—Missus, To Henpeck's Relief!

Mrs. J. BOYD, 5, Abbotsford Street, Dundee.
Sonny's Savings—Tips Augmented—"Scrapheap" Absorbed.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. EDWARDS, 24, Himley Street, Dudley, Worcs.
Caught Whispering—By Gestapo, "Wooing" Death.

W. A. KING, 105, Manor Farm Drive, Chingford, Essex.
Chapter 1940—"Author," Save My "Hero"!

R. G. PATTERSON, Colomendy Arms, Cadol, nr. Mold, N. Wales.
Hour Of Triumph—My Alarm-clock Misses, Sundays!

W. H. PICKARD, 163, Upperton Road, Leicester.
Comrade Stalin—Rum Chum—Once, "Scum"!

G. STEPHENSON, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley, Yorks.
Success Is Sweet, But—So "Heady," So Heed!

W. S. WATSON, Southview, Wolsingham, Co. Durham.
Hour of Triumph — Dawning — Meanwhile "Maintain Watch."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

M. S. WILSON, 4, Frederick Gardens, New Penshaw, Co. Durham.
Chapter 1940—War Deaths—War's Death?

H. A. WOODS, 10, Church Street, Atherstone, Warwickshire.
Prisoners—His Woes—He's Wise.

Luxury case accompanies each cash prize from £2 10s. to £20.
List of 25 further winners of Luxury Cases can be seen at these offices.

ENTER ON THESE NEW EASY-TO-USE STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, DATED FEB. 17, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS 19

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,206 — Closing postmark, SAT., FEB. 3.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO LABEL ALSO

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

PRICE BRITANNIA PAYS
RATIONING'S A PROBLEM, BUT
WHEN GERMANY'S BEATEN
MOTHER'S MOTTO
SELDOM PAYS
ARMY OF HELPERS
SCUTTLED
HOME, SWEET HOME
DOCTOR SPRING
AUNTIE'S EVACUEES
INCREASING DAILY
WHITEHALL MACHINE
SHOCKING WASTE
THE FRENCH
ANOTHER MINUTE AND
UNITY
SENSIBLE GIRL
NOT FAR AWAY
TURN OF THE TIDE
HEAVYWEIGHT GOERING

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

SANDY'S ..... WE'D WELCOME
..... TO ..... HOME
DEAF TO ..... JACK
..... WHEN ..... RETURNS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,206 — Closing postmark SAT., FEB. 3

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE | FIRMLY STICK 1½d. STAMP HERE

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above.

For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for *Bullets* No. 1,206 or X-Word No. 187 entry value 1s. or over, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,206, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, FEB. 3.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

SORE THROATS COLDS AND FEVERISH 'FLU are about!

Colds, coughs, sore throats, mild 'flu, and all sorts of feverish complaints are about. The thing to do is to STAMP THEM OUT NOW—WITH 'ASPRO'. You can do it if you act at once. At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be banished—the spread of the infection inhibited. For a feverish cold or 'flu, take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink, and you will find the 'flu or cold disappear. 'ASPRO' claims are not mere assertions, they have been proved true by thousands of your fellow citizens. So do not be put off with make-believe—ask for 'ASPRO'—see that you get it—and then use it. Remember

'ASPRO' WILL STOP THEM *in one night!*

FAMILY STANDBY FOR PAIN AND COLDS

14 Central Parade,
Gunnersbury Lane,
Gentlemen, Acton, London, W.3.

I should like to express my thanks for the great benefit I have received from taking 'ASPROS'. They are splendid for relieving severe headaches and neuralgia. I always keep a box in the house. If my husband or family feel a cold coming, they take two 'ASPROS' and a hot drink on going to bed for a couple of nights and it breaks the cold up. I very often wake up in the morning with a very bad headache. Then I take 2 'ASPROS' with a cup of tea which clears it right away in a short time and I feel fit for a day's work.

Yours faithfully, L. PRICE (Mrs.).

COULD NOT SPEAK OR SWALLOW

148 Lymington Avenue, Wood Green,
Dear Sirs, London, N.22.

On Monday, Aug. 9th, I returned to work after a week's holiday. At noon same day I had a sore throat. At 6 p.m. I could not speak or swallow. Tuesday I lay in bed in agony, could not swallow a drip of water. Wednesday my wife asked me to try to gargle with 'ASPROS'. I did this all day long. To-day, Thursday, I am back at work. The stuff it shifted from my throat was marvellous. No wonder I was in agony. I say 'ASPROS' are worth a guinea a tablet. You may use this in your own words to what purpose you wish.

I wish you all the best and 1,000 thanks.

Yours faithfully,
E. H. BULLOCK.

HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

For sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

NEVER FAILS TO STOP COLD

45 Barrington Road,
Gentlemen, Brixton, S.W.9.

About 8 years ago I wrote to inform you of the great benefit my wife and myself had received from 'ASPRO.' I thought it might interest you to know that I recently recommended 'ASPRO' to a friend who has been troubled with rheumatism. He tells me that not only did he secure instant relief, but the improvement appears to have been permanent. My stepson has also found 'ASPRO' wonderfully efficacious in an attack of violent toothache. May I add that I have never known 'ASPRO' fail to stop a cold if taken at bedtime with hot milk. I may say that I should not care to be without some in the house.

Yours faithfully,
W. T. WILKINSON.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by

ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

Telephone: SLOUGH 22381

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

3D 6D 1/3 2/6

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

SHAVEX

IS USED BY ALL BRITISH FORCES

NO SOAP—NO BRUSH—NO LATHER

For shaving when in a hurry it is marvellous—a perfect shave in two minutes. No water needed, but if you have water, moisten your face before using Shavex. You can shave in a quarter of the time that it takes with soap and brush and your skin will feel as fresh as a daisy. Almond Oil in Shavex keeps the face young and takes away wrinkles. Smear Shavex over the face when you have shaved and your skin will keep young, fresh and free from blemishes.

Millions all over the world are now using Shavex. Beware of imitations—there is nothing like Shavex—the antiseptic shaving cream—the first on the market.

He: Ah, I see you've remembered my Shavex.

She: Of course, you silly darling, it's the first thing I thought of. I know you wouldn't be without it. And look, I'm putting in a tablet of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It's so nice and refreshing and so good for the skin.

He: It certainly smells nice. I like a Lavender scent. Thank you, my thoughtful little wife.

SHAVEX is sold in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
40, Blenheim Rd., London, N.19

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY AND HAS A BEAUTIFUL LINGERING PERFUME

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. One must not think of the cheap 3d. Tablets of Soap when thinking of Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised shops. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

PALM OIL Costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL Costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all.

The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin, and has a beautiful perfume that lingers over the face until washed away. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.,
40, Blenheim Road, London N.19.

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Here's what I promised you. The secret that keeps me skin smooth and lovely amidst smoke, grime and all weathers . . . . ZEE-KOL ALMOND OIL SOAP."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "Oh, thank you, dear, what an exquisite lavender perfume it has, and what a beautiful lather it makes even in this hard water."

1st W.R.A.F. Girl: "Yes, and the expensive Almond Oil in it is a real beauty treatment. Yet Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap costs only 6d. and is ten times better than those cheap 3d. tablets of soap."

2nd W.R.A.F. Girl: "I'm going to get a good supply right away."

F.32 J.B.L. 108 95*

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